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HOW THE REBELS CARRIED VIRGINIA.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 8th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

JUSTICE demands that I should address you a few lines with reference to our so-called election, as it seems to devolve alone upon me, from the fact that my white friend and colleague, Wm. C. Burton, was suspended as an officer by the Military Commissioner upon a charge preferred against him, known to be false, but which was sufficient to accomplish the object desired by the Conservative party. Consequently I believe myself to be the only white Republican in the city of Lynchburg who availed himself of the opportunity of witnessing the fraud practiced upon the ignorant colored people, which surpassed anything of the kind ever before witnessed in Virginia, by me, and I suppose by any one else.

I propose to give you a few incidents which I witnessed, and also some which were communicated to me by others upon whom fraud was practiced. Now, sir, it is not through prejudice that I thus write, but from a sense of duty alone. On the morning of the 6th inst. I mounted a horse for the purpose of attending the different precincts in and around the city, which I did, and found fraud being practiced at all the precincts. At one I found that six men had been refused the right to vote because their transfers could not be found, when in fact they had not been looked for; nor could their names be found until they were insisted upon by myself to examine. One man was refused his vote because his name had not been found there. Lewis Christian was not allowed to vote on oath, and having been sick could not obtain a transfer of registration. Pleasant Johnson, whose name could not be found, was willing to make oath that he had registered and voted in '67. Spencer Phillips, who registered and voted in '67, was refused the right to vote because his name could not be found, and not allowed to make oath to that effect. In short, the colored people were not allowed to vote upon affidavit. Parents were not allowed to testify to their ages, but their former masters' oaths would be taken in preference. Some had their votes refused for Wells, but were told that if they would vote for Walker they might vote. Some were threatened with violence if they voted for Wells; some were told that if they went to the election to vote for Wells that they must move their families off their plantations before they left.

An old man eighty years old was told that if he went to the election and voted for Wells that he should not return to get what he left. Messrs. Lansina & Wilson, proprietors of the White Sulphur Springs, employed a lot of hands for three months at $15 per month, and after they had served sixteen days were discharged because they voted for Wells and the Constitution unexpurgated, and two of them were allowed for their time only thirty-five cents. One, who was to have thirty dollars per month, worked 19 days, and was allowed only $7.55 and so on. Mahone, the President of a line of Consolidated Railroads running through the State, discharged all the hands that voted for Wells. Some ran off to distant points to get them from the polls, say from Petersburg to Lynchburg, and others from Lynchburg to Bristol, and detained them, to keep them from voting.

The fact is, to make a long story short, they were bought off, scared off, ran off and fooled off, in every way immaginable, to keep them from voting. White men were brought in from the country from other districts to vote. Men who had been in the State Prison were allowed to vote. White boys under age were allowed to vote. Some boasted of having voted at every precinct in the city. One white man boasted that he had prevented 200 negroes from voting for Wells. Some white men threatened colored men that if they did not vote with them that they would whip them into their way. And now our city is thronged with men who have been in the employment of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad Company for four years, and are discharged because they voted the Republican ticket. Now I ask if this is Republicanism? Sir, in conclusion, I can say I think with perfect safety and correctness that if there had been a pure election, that there would have been a difference of at least one-third of the votes in favor of the Republican party. That is to say, that I believe that one-sixth of the entire votes cast were fraudulent. If such a state of things are to exist as now exists in Virginia, the poor negro had better never have been freed, for I do assure you as a white man, and one who loves justice, that a large majority of them have no chance to live honestly, and as a general thing are oppressed beyond description.

A VOTER OF CAMPBELL COUNTY.

ORGANIZED WORK AMONG THE POOR.

Miss OCTAVIA HILL has contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* a remarkable article on "Organized Work among the poor," in which she gives the account of four years of active experience. Four years ago, in Marylebone, she took some houses in a court so notoriously bad that no stranger dared venture into it unescorted by a policeman. That court is now clean, quiet and respectable. The change, she says, is the effect of individual influence, and that individual influence may be exercised in a very remarkable manner by those undertaking the oversight and management of such houses as the poor habitually lodge in. Her plan is, not to build model lodging-houses costing large sums of money, but either to take on a long lease, or buy, the ordinary houses occupied by the poor people in the courts and alleys of London. These she cleans and puts in repair, then lets at the price they were let at before. The effect of this is to secure the same or similar tenants.

Miss Hill lays down but few rules—indeed, only one; but that she insists on being complied with—that the tenants should pay their rent regularly. On this head she is inflexible. If the rent is not forthcoming when she herself goes round once a week to every family to collect it, a notice to quit served; the money is then almost always paid, when the notice, of course, is withdrawn. She says that by never allowing the tenants to be behind in the payment of their rent they are kept from the awful state of demoralization and poverty which we hear of every winter in the East End of London; for it is but too often the case that even when prosperous times come the working people cannot lay by, because they have to pay off the arrears of rent contracted during their poverty. Miss Hill sometimes helps those tenants whom she sees to be really energetic and anxious for work, and yet unable to get on, by getting them employment, or on some rare occasions lending them a little money; but she writes very strongly against gifts of any kind, as rendering the people dependant and improvident.

From a pecuniary point of view Miss Hill's plan has succeeded abundantly: "Five per cent. interest has been paid on the capital invested; a fund for the repayment of the capital is accumulating; and a liberal allowance has been made for repairs." The tenants are encouraged to save money; but they have never managed to save up for their coming old age; they save only sufficient to enable them to pay their rent in times of scarcity, or to provide for clothes for girls going to service. Adjoining one of her lots of houses, Miss Hill has secured a small piece of ground which she has converted into a play-ground for the children to play in, and her account of their ignorance of any intelligent game is very surprising.

In conclusion, Miss Hill gives a few rules to help those who feel at all inclined to take up the same work:

"1. It is best strictly to enforce fulfilment of all such duties as payment of rent, etc.

"2. It is far better to give work than either money or goods. It is most helpful of all to strengthen, by sympathy and counsel, the energetic effort which shall bear fruit in time to come.

"3. It is essential to remember that each man has his own view of his life, and must be free to fulfill it; that in many ways he is a far better judge of it than we, as he has lived through and felt what we have only seen. Our work is rather to bring him to the point of considering and to the spirit of judging rightly, than to consider or judge for him.

"4. The poor of London (as of all large towns) need the development of every power which can open to them noble sources of joy."

THE NEW SLAVE TRADE.

From the Irish Republic.

THE Chinese Labor Convention, or rather the ex-Slaveholders Convention, recently held in Memphis, adjourned on the 15th. A company, called the "Mississippi Valley Emigration Company," was organized on the day of adjournment. Forty thousand dollars were subscribed on the spot. The capital stock is to be $1,000,000, with privilege to double the amount, in shares of $100 each. A committee was appointed to open subscription books in Louisiana, Kentucky, Mississippi, Alabama and Arkansas. Gideon J. Pillow, S. W. Clapp, W. H. Sherry and Archibald Wright were appointed an Executive Committee. The Convention ordered 3,000 copies of their proceedings to be printed, and adjourned *sine die.*

How wedded these men are to their gods! Nursed in the lap of slavery, and growing up a petted and idle aristocracy, eating the bread earned by the sweat of their chattels' brows, they find it impossible to get along without some species of slavery. The black man a slave could be tolerated; but the black man free is intolerable. In fact, the black man, having snuffed the air of liberty, holds his head as high as a white man, and insists on his rights. He will work, but not as of old, that his masters might grow rich on his labor. Now he insists on getting fair remuneration; and, besides, he will not stand kicking at all as docile as of old. Hence, he is not wanted South. Africa, that poured her swarthy treasure in the shape of men and women into the lap of the South, having had her ports sealed against the slave-trader, the latter unscrupulous individual turns his bleared eye towards the Celestial Empire. Henceforth, the flowing pig-tail will take the place of matted locks; the music (!) of the tom-tom will follow the negro melodies like a squealing cat after a nightingale. Instead of the rude and vehement worship of the one, true God, Fung Dhayhung will squat before his *outre* gods. Here will be a chance for the Mississippi Valley Labor Company to speculate. They will have to pay Koopmanshaap—Koop-man-up it ought to be—at least ten cents per day for his Coolies. Let them start a factory for turning out gods and sell them to the Celestials. They will thus get their money back. We trust no enterprising Yankee will attempt to interfere in this business.

While we are willing to admit that these Southern planters have the right to meet and adopt what resolutions they please, we cannot allow their motives to pass unquestioned. This new company is organized to go into the slave trade as far as the altered times will allow. It is against the Slave Idea that we war, and if we take up this question at all, it is because of its ugliness and the future complications that may arise out of it.

The Southern planters, with their uncultivated stubborness, wish to preserve the slave caste in the South, and also to preserve their immense plantations. Free labor wars on caste, and cuts up plantations into farms. Hence, the late Southern slaveowners are determined to shut out emigration from the North, or even from Europe. They want no English workmen, notwithstanding all that England did to save the Institution. They want no Irish emigrants, notwithstanding how the Irish voted to sustain the party whose head was the Southern aristocracy, and whose tail was the Northern rabble. They want to draw "Mason and Dixon's line" around their plantations once more and woe unto the missionaries or abolition d——d Yankee who shall go among the poor Chinese to teach them the creed of liberty. The slave-driver will crack his whip and flourish his bowie-knife once more, and chivalrous bloods will hang up Yankees for having tracts in carpet-bags.

All these things may come to pass. This new company is the old slave company. The Chinese will work on the plantations, and God help them when they get up the Red River country, with Simon Legree overseers.

Is it not intolerable to think that the fairest portion of this Republic must be dedicated to human servitude of one kind or another? That the rich lands of the South must be plantations, where school-houses are banned, rural populations, as in the North, are unknown?

Why not turn the stream of European and Northern emigration to the South? Why not fleck those rich fields with farm-houses? Why not fill the valleys with cities and towns where manufactories could flourish, giving life to a high race of intelligent freemen? Why not? Simply because ex-slaveholders own those lands, and rather than see a free people flourish they would see their fields wasted and their rivers running in idle riot. Hence this stream of Chinese emigration to shut out the North.

What is wanted to make the South a very paradise is to plant it with freemen. Let the Yankee energy and capital take possession of it. Let Irish muscle and pluck go with the Yankee. Let German music and thrift go hand in hand with both, and in less than twenty years the South would "blossom like a rose."

The invasion of the armed North destroyed slavery. The invasion of the North with plow and loom and trowels and school-houses must follow or the material victory will be turned into defeat.

On the whole, no matter what men plot, God works towards a perfect end. The Chinese will learn to appreciate liberty as the black men did, and once appreciating it, nothing can hold them in bondage. It is better, on the whole, to have the rich fields of the South cultivated by any species of labor—complete slavery excepted—than to have it lying waste. There is room for a million of Chinese in those regions that are now untenanted.

In California the Chinese are persecuted. The noble white race says there is no room for the Chinaman. Now, all this can be obviated. There is plenty of room in the South for them, and "gallant gentlemen" are inviting them thither. Therefore, there can be no more excuse in California for "killing Chinamen." We are not afraid but that the Chinese who will come to this country will come out all right in the end. Give humanity a chance and it rises.

No matter what may happen, it is the duty of all Christian freemen to help suffering humanity to rise, instead of knocking it down, and kicking it for falling.

The Southerner, in his blind rage against the North and free labor, may turn for a time, and find comfort in the poor Chinese Coolies; but the sins of oppression will rise in the future, and overwhelm the oppressor, as it has done before. It may be a good school for the Chinese, to prepare them gradually for the high position of American freemen. They will be saved from the abuse of those uncultivated and brutal dogs who are ever ready to oppress the unfortunate; and the Southern slaver is far more honorable and generous than the poor ruffian of the North, who has no excuse, but wantonness, for his persecution of his unfortunate brothers.

Our advice to the Irish is to be tolerant and kind to all emigrants. The Chinese have the same right to come here that we have. We all fly from oppression at home, and it ill becomes us to rush at each other in this land of plenty like wolves. This great question will right itself; therefore, let no Irishman be found in the ranks of the new Know-Nothing party, which has merely blotted out "down with the Irish" and substituted "down with the Chinese" on its proscriptive banners.

The great continent was specially cast in such illimitable mould for the oppressed. God intended it for all, and there is room for all.

THE NEGRO IN POLITICS.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

IT having been decided that "the negro question has ceased to be an element of American politics"—so decided, we mean, by the Republicans of California—we should like to know what is to be done when an event occurs like that of which we have intelligence from Kansas. At Grantville, there are "quite a number of Butternuts and Rebels" living, pronounced by *The Topeka Commonwealth* to be "generally dirty, ignorant, and uncouth, and most violent against the niggers." Several colored children attempted to attend the district school, as they had a perfect right to do, their parents being tax-payers, and these children being enumerated in the returns upon which the apportionment of the school-fund is made. But the "copperas-breeched barbarians" rallied at the school-house which these "niggers" had helped to build, and with violence drove the children away. Being much exalted by their success, these proud Caucasians now propose "to clean out" the "niggers and to drive them from the community."

So long as acts of brutality like this are possible in any part of this Republic, we shall insist that the California Republicans are wrong in affirming that "the negro question has ceased to be an element of American politics." At any rate, it will not cease to be an element of the politics of those who believe that governments are instituted for the promotion of even and exact justice.

SENATOR WADE.

From the Ashtabula (Ohio) Sentinel.

THIS gentleman arrived at home last week, from his journey to San Francisco, having in about a month made a leisurely trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific and back again. So much for the progress of the age. Mr. W. reports the road to be in very good condition for so new a work, while it is undergoing constant improvement. He does not speak very encouragingly of its business prospects, however; for he doubts whether it can command a sustaining traffic—at least for some years to come. He says he found a much greater proportion of desert on the route than he expected, and thinks that "American magnificence" is admirably represented in the Great Desert of the interior; that we may boast of the grandeur of our deserts in competition with the Arabs themselves. His observations upon the peculiar features of the surface of the country are very interesting, as they embrace many details that our writing travelers have too commonly omitted or overlooked; and from a short conversation with him we find ourselves informed of much that is valuable, which we wish could be published in some popular form. His conclusion, from actual view, that the top of the Rocky Mountain range, or the highest lands, which, he says, is nearly level, is among those parts of the earth's surface most recently released from oceanic covering and influence, we regard as important to a general stock of information that may prove very useful to science in directing the mineral researches that must precede the utilizing of this vast barren territory.

With the Pacific coast he was pleased, of course, and in common with all who visit it, looks forward to a wonderful future for that part of our domain.

He speaks in high terms of the Chinese, who are the striking feature of the population of that country, having reversed the order of emigration by coming to us from the westward. He regards them as a most interesting people, and sympathizes with them in the oppressive treatment to which they are subjected in the Pacific States. He had opportunities of observing them as laborers and tradesmen, as well as hearing the uniform testimony of their employers that they are eminently "honest, faithful and capable." He gives a very pleasant narration of his making the acquaintance of one of their leading men, who speaks English well, and is acquainted with the world, who gave him a very full account of the system of Chinese emigration to California, and the objects and plans of the emigrants, who are nearly all from the laboring classes in their own country, and who come out with the honest intention of earning their money by faithful labor at whatever they undertake to do. These people, he says, are not Coolies, or in any sense slaves. They emigrate under a system like that practiced by the early German settlers in the Eastern States, of giving a lien upon their labor for the payment of the cost of their transportation. When they land they are registered and charged with the amount as a personal debt, on which they give no security beyond their word, and which they never fail to pay if they live. They are never known to repudiate a debt. Very few of their women come with them, for the reason that they are not able to bring them; and their customs stands in the way of separating the families at home. The emigrants, therefore, return to China from the force of Custom. But if they could be encouraged by our citizens, as other people are, they would come and make permanent settlements, and introduce the culture of tea and silk and the industries they pursue so profitably at home. Further, he says, an abler class of their people would emigrate and bring their capital here for investment. The more intelligent Chinese complain of the injustice with which their people are treated,—the mass of them patiently bear it without murmur or complaint,—and ask that they may receive proper protection from Congress. For this purpose they made this visit of Mr. W. and his party, the occasion to lay this complaint before them, and through them the people of the Eastern States, that their case might come before the American public.

Mr. Wade gives us a very interesting account of his visit, with his Chinese friend, to one of their temples, where he saw and received a quite intelligent explanation of their religious ceremonies and emblems, showing what is regarded as idol worship to be in fact a kind of illustrative moral instruction. He says he found them to be believers in the influence of the departed spirits of their friends, and that they seek communication with them for assistance and guidance in life. They use an instrument conducted on the principle of the planchette, with which their priest obtains messages in writing, answers to which he returns by writing them paper which he burns. In their religion as everything else, he says they seemed to be a sincere though passionless people.

LABORERS.

CHINESE LABORERS—Parties wishing to employ large or small numbers of CHINESE LABORERS, may make the necessary arrangements for procuring gangs of the size required, delivered in any part of the country, by application to

KOOPMANSCHAAP & Co.,
San Francisco, California.

WE find the above in the St. Louis *Republican.* It reads very much like the advertisements of slave auctions, runaway negroes, bloodhounds, etc., so familiar to our eyes eight years ago. "Procuring gangs of the size required" and "delivering them in any part of the country," is to talk and act about human beings as we do about horses and hogs. We are in favor of Chinese immigration, but we must receive the immigrants as men and not as beasts. This Koopmanschaap is evidently a Chinese slave-driver of the Legree variety, but he has betrayed his brutality too early.—*Times and Conservative (Kansas).*

THE NORMAL SCHOOL IN HAMPTON, VA.

SUCCESS OF THE SCHOOL—THE FARM EXAMINATION—NEGRO MELODIES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Springfield *Republican* describes the first annual examination at the Normal School for negro teachers in Hampton, Virginia: This school, designed for the training of negro teachers not only in the sciences, but in all the arts of civilized life, and more especially in the fundamental art of agriculture, is some two and a half miles from Fortress Monroe. It is under the superintendence of Gen. S. C. Armstrong, a graduate of Williams College, and a nephew of Chief-Justice Chapman, of Massachusetts. The lady principal is Miss Rebecca Bacon, daughter of Dr. Leonard W. Bacon, of New Haven. To accommodate the normal school the plantation of Dr. Wood was purchased, containing 120 acres. The farm had upon it, when purchased by the American missionary association, two good houses some 300 feet apart, in one of which Gen. Armstrong presides, and in the other are the headquarters of Miss Bacon. Between the two houses, but a little in their rear, barracks, purchased of the Government at a cheap rate, have been located, which furnish a dining and good recitation and sleeping rooms. During the past year nearly seventy pupils have been in attendance, most of them boarders, coming from all parts of the South. A few from the immediate vicinity have boarded at home. For their board in the institution they are charged 25 cents per day, which is about the actual cost of their food. The pupils are credited 10 cents an hour for their work on the farm, and those that teach are allowed $10 per month. The young women do the work of the household, including the washing and mending for the men. They also make many articles of clothing for sale, so that the institution is to a great extent a self-supporting one. The farm is what is called in Virginia a truck farm: raising early vegetables for the Northern market is the leading business. Four acres are devoted to sweet potatoes, four to cucumbers, two to musk-melons, three to tomatoes, six to early potatoes, ten to cabbage, and one half acre to asparagus. Twelve hundred peach trees, 300 cherry, 100 pear and 50 plum trees have been set out on the place. The work of the farm is done entirely by negroes, aided by five horses and two mules. The General finds it does not pay to take the students out to work an hour or two each day, and consequently divides them into gangs of five or six, who work an entire day each week. In the school room all shades of color can be seen. Some are so white that they would pass readily for Anglo-Saxons, but they prefer to associate with the blacks. The scholarship of the full-blooded African is equal to that of the mixed race. This was the testimony of the teachers at Hampton, corroborated by the testimony of teachers present from others parts of the South, and by my own observation. The recitations in grammar, geography, arithmetic, and natural sciences, would have done no discredit to Massachusetts high school. The singing especially delighted me. It was simple melody, but it seemed to come from the soul, and went to the soul. Miss Bacon is doing the country a good service by writing the music and the words of the songs that the negroes bring to the school from all parts of the South, and thus perpetuating them.

"Swing low old chariot, and take us all home,"

wes as solemn as a funeral dirge, and when the choir broke out with,

"Didn't old Pharaoh get lost in the Red Sea?"

the transition was too great for my risibles, standing as I did in front of so many rows of ivory, and so many dark eyes that sparkled at the idea of Pharaoh's discomfiture. Gen. Armstrong has a great work on his hands, and right nobly is he doing it. Gen. Howard is so much pleased with his success that he has given him $20,000 for the erection of a more commodious building for the accommodation of the school, besides a liberal sum for the improvement of the farm. The bricks for the new building are now being burned upon the farm, and tile are also being made with which to drain the land. Such enterprise may well astonish the Southerners, and augers the dawn of a new civilization for both whites and blacks.

A CHINESE SCHOOL IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE subject of the education of the Chinese in San Francisco has attracted considerable attention for months. The first efforts were made in the interior towns and met with but poor encouragement. Both in Sacramento and San Jose buildings occupied by those engaged in this philanthropic enterprise were mobbed and burned. In San Francisco persons who engaged in the work were threatened with the loss of property if not life. Notwithstanding these threats, however, the work of educating these foreigners was commenced by a few enterprising men and women, and the results thus far have greatly exceeded their expectations. On the 10th of January last, a Chinese Sabbath School was started in connection with Dr. Scudder's Church. The school opened with eight pupils, and the number in attendance constantly increased. The greatest number of pupils ever present at one time was 127, but the interest in the school-rooms seems constantly increasing. The exercises are held in the chapel adjoining the church. So great is the interest manifested by the Chinese to learn that long before the proper hour arrives for the opening of the school, they assemble in the vicinity. The doors of the chapel are opened at about 12:30, or directly after the conclusion of the regular morning church service. The school is not regularly called to order 2 o'clock, but teachers are on hand from the until time of opening the doors, and commence their work The work of the teachers is all voluntary, and seems be purely a labor of love. The Chinese are divided into classes, and taught reading, spelling, arithmetic, and geography, according to their ability and evident desire to learn. Upon a visit to the school, we were surprised to see such a large and orderly attendance of pupils, each of whom seemed extremely anxious to make the most of the opportunity afforded him for acquiring a knowledge of the English language and the rudiments taught. As a rule, the pupils were orderly and quiet in their manner, and showed the greatest respect toward their teachers. There were present at our last visit 107 pupils, and 92 teachers. After the school had been called to order by the Superintendents and upon the sounding of a bell, the pupils advanced to the centre and front of the room, while the teachers took their positions on the right, left, and in the rear. The Superintendent and assistants then gave the pupils lessons from the blackboard in reading and spelling. The singing exercises followed. The hymn to be sung is printed in large letters, and stretched on a cloth over a frame, elevated at such a hight as to be visible to all scholars. The musical exercises are conducted by Mr. Volge, and the singing accompanied upon a parlor organ belonging to the church. The hymn first sung by the Americans and Chinese together, and afterward repeated by the latter. When sung by the Chinese pupils alone, the words were each pronounced clearly and distinctly, and the time kept was excellent. Among the most noticeable features of the school is the class of geography. The knowledge which they displayed would seem incredible to one who did not know the dilligence and perseverance of the teacher. The Superintendent says that he has never found a more docile set of pupils or those more anxious to acquire knowledge. The principal effort now made by the Superintendent and the teachers is to instruct them in the rudiments of the English language and morals, without interfering with their religions prejudices. Education upon the latter point will follow later. As an evidence of the capability of these pupils, it may be well to mention the fact that a class of the most ignorant portion of the Chinese have within four months, with only the Sunday teaching, become able to read English quite fluently. The school is opened every Sunday afternoon.—*Alta California.*

NASBY.

THE NOMINATION OF ROSECRANS IN OHIO—A DREAM.

From the Toledo Blade.

PEPPER'S TAVERN, HOLMES Co., O., Jooly 12, 1869

I LEFT the Corners the day after I lost my position, and without any speshel purpose wandered up into my old stampin grounds in Ohio. I wuz received with a corjality wich affected me profoundly. Them wich hed bin turned out of offises cood sympathize with me, and them wich hed never got em felt it still more deeply, ez they eggsagerate the benefits to be derived from offishl position, and actilly wonder how a man wich ever held an offis kin survive decapitashen.

I hed no difficulty in borrowin enuff dollars uv the sturdy yeomanry uv this section, to not only keep me afloat here for a time, but to pervide agin a passage through an Ablishn country, ef sich need be. My expenses here will be light, ez I am boardin and drinkin on tick exclusively. I told the landlord the first day to mark it down, ez it was inconvenient to make change fifty times per day. He possibly may wish he hed taken the trouble to make change.

The day after the Democratic State Convenshun at Columbus we held a informal meetin uv the Democracy at the tavern to which I was stayin, the most uv the veterans bein there. The sceen reminded me uv Bascom's so much that I actilly shed teers. Dimocrisy is alike everywhere. There wuz the bar, with the big-bellied bottle with tanzy in it, and the big-bellied bottle without tanzy in it; ther was the box uv pipes, the two lemons which are doomed never to be yoosed ez lemon joose weakens likker; ther wuz Pepper, the landlord, with his sleeves rolled up, a leanin onto his elbows onto the bar; behind him a portrate uv Jackson, on his fomin steed, wavin his sword toward the British; beside it a handbill for a mass convention of the Destrick last year, commensin with the trooly orthodox line: "Do you want to marry a nigger?" in large black type, with a picture uv Wendell Phillips kissin a wench at which the Dimocrasy have indignated reglerly for ten years. Seetid on bustid cheers, empty nail kegs, and leanin on the bar, wuz a groop which was simply a dooplikit uv the X Roads, and so akkerit that I caught myself sayin, "Deekin" lots uv times. I sed "Captin" to a man who wuz so neer like McPelter ez to justify the suspicion that the father uv the present Hugh hed many yeers before been a citizen uv that visinity, but I was keerful not to do so agin. Ketchin me by the throte, he sternly remarkt: "Sir! don't put any uv them titles onto me, sir. I wuz no Captin, thank Heven." He was satisfied when I told him his remarkable resemblance to a Confedrit Captin occasioned the mistake, which pleased him so that he to-wunst askt me to take suth'n. This opened a new field to me, when I worked. I diskivered to-wunst an amazin resemblance between all uv them and distinguished Southern commanders.

While waitin the return uv Squire Pettibone, wich wuz a delegate to the State Convenshun, we fell to talkin uv the old times which tried men's soles, in the earlier years uv the war. Pepper, the landlord, gave a most affectin remeniscence uv the shootin uv two returned veterans, in the very room in which we sot. The spot on which they fell, he hed put the stove over that it mite be kept sakred. Mr. Bortle, an old saint, whose nose wuz lightin his pathway to the toom, hed a more tragicle tale to tell. He wuz one uv them wich sholdered his fowlin peece to resist the draft up in this county, and wuz taken by bloo-conted hirelius and carted off to Camp Chase, where he wuz kept in doorance vile for weeks, with nothin whatever to live onto but the yoosual rashens uv a soljer! One old relic uv the war, wich his name it was Babbitt, accompanied Vallandygum through the lines, which lines wuz commanded by Rosecrans. He wuz present when that accursed villain—that tool uv the despotic ape Linkin—hed the impudense to aboose our martyred Saint, and his blood biled ez he heered it. At this pint the entire assemblage profaned. The letter uv Rosecrans to the Legislater uv Ohio wuz dooly read, and the audashus sentiments therein contained wuz dooly and emphatically damned. Ez the likker circulated, we got more and more enthoosiastic on this pint, and our blood warmed and throbbed more vilently through our veins ez we toasted Vallandygum and forever cursed the wretched hirelins who oppressed him, and through him us.

Finally we heerd the rumblin uv wheels over the hills, and we knowd that it wuz Squire Pettibone a comin from the stashun with the news uv the convenshun. He drove up and we rushed out to greet him.

"'Ror for—who shel we 'ror for?" exclaimed Pepper.

"For Ranney, uv course!" shouted one.

"For Vallandygum!" sed another.

"For Carey!" sed another.

"My friends!" shouted Pettibone, "my friends, 'ror for—Rosecrans and victory!"

"Wat!" remarkt a dozen uv us.

"Who!" remarkt the others.

"Hell!" remarkt the balance.

"Yoor triflin with us!" remarkt Peppér.

"None of yoor jokes," ejakilated Bortle.

And the astonisht Pettibone wuz in danger uv bein roughly handled. But he finally convinst them that Rosecrans wuz reely and trooly the Dimocratic nominee, and that it was no joke watever.

I hed a great deal of trouble with em. They wuz bound not to touch Rosecrans, and swore they hed bin betrayed and sold out. The platform, however, saved us. When I read it to em, and explained how clearly it condemned the war by refoosin to pay the indebtedness inkurred in prosekootin it, and how indignantly it spurned the administrashen, and so on, they became cool.

"Ef Rosecrans hez reely come to us," I sed, "let us open our arms and take him in." They retired not pleased, but in sich a state that I hev no donbt the heft uv em will vote, ez yoosual, an unscratched tickit. They took down Micklelan; why not Rosecrans?

That nite after I retired to my virchus couch, I fell into a troubled sleep and dreemed. The dreem which afflicted me wuz more instructive than entertainin.

Methawt the Dimocrisy uv Ohio wuz in council, seekin for a leeder in the comin conflick. They trotted out in review all uv em, but they couldn't find a man in the party who wuz not so fearfully defective ez to be totally and entirely worthlis for the posishen. Vallandygum wuz ez spotted ez a leper; Ranney wuz tinged with the rather advanced Dimocrisy uv 1863, and the other men spoken uv wuz full uv politikle ulcers, biles and running sores. The menshun uv their names made the people hold their noses. One more wise than the rest, in a fit uv inspirashun sung out "Rosecrans!" and the ijee hit em. Rosecrans wuz trotted out, and they all fell to admirin him. He wuz well bilt and comly, and his figger showed strength and endoorance. He wuz encased into a glittering coat uv bloo, onto wich shone the most gorgus decorashen which cood be conceeved. In letters uv lite uv exceedin brilliancy wuz the words, "West Virginny," "Stone River," "Iuky" and "Chicamauga," with the names uv other acheevements more or less notorious, and these decorashens, with his epaulets, military sash and sword, spurs and sich, enveloped him from head to foot in a brilliancy the gorgeousness uv which wuz beyond compare. The managers uv the show wich trotted him out squinted more pertikelerly at the multitood wich surrounded them, to see the effeck wich it perdoost upon em, they slidin out uv site as he advanst, so that they woodent obstruct the view. The site took the people—ther rose up from the throng a most enthoosiastic cheer, and hats went up into the air by thousands.

"It'll do! it'll do! Thank the Lord, it'll do!" shouted the managers, and they immejetly fell to embracin him in their extacy. Vallandigum fell onto his neck, but the spot where his hands struck the General obliterated "West Virginny;" another delegate now blotted out "Stone River," and the next embrace bustid "Iuka," "Chicamauga," and the rest of it. An anshent delegate from Holmes County, wich had taken an active part in the resistance to drafts, slyly drawed his sword and threw it away; another delegate hacked orf his spurs; a third snaked orf his epilets, and before the poor fellow knew wat wuz bein done to him, they had gobbled pretty much all uv the ornaments wich hed glittered so bravely onto him.

"Don't—for Heaven's sake, don't," ejackilatid one who was a candidate for a county offis in a close county. "Wat are you doin?"

"These things must come orf uv him to make him acceptable to our people;" and they eagerly stripped orf one thing after another.

"Get out of the way there!" shouted another party coming up, "put these resolooshens onto him and he's ready."

They clapped em over him—he staggered and gasped, but managed to stand up.

"For Heaven's sake!" he said, in a pleadin tone, "for Heaven's sake take this orf."

"Impossible!" returned them which hed the matter in hand. "You'r all rite now—stand aside all of yoo and see how the people take him now."

They stood aside, but to their surprise the people turned up their noses ez though they smelt suthin, and hissed ominously instead of cheerin.

"Show us our Rosecrans," they cried

"This is Rosecrans," cried Valandigum, puttin' his arm round his neck affecksnitely.

"We do not know him in them clothes and in sich company," returned the multitood, leavin in disgust.

In my dream the managers, when they saw the multitood treat their man so skornfully, fell to revilin of him, and kickin and cuffin of him. I awoke jist ez he wuz a tryin to git away, battered, bruised, besmeared and beswitched.

I thought, ez I lay ponderin on the vision, that possibly when a soldier trades his military repetashen for a nomenashen at our hands that it does strike the people jist as tho he had traded uniforms during the struggle, and that possibly the speckelashen wont pay either him or us. But wat kin we do?

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich wuz Postmaster).

ASSASSINATION OF CAPT. HAYNES.

EXULTATION OF THE MEMPHIS REBEL PRESS—THE CHIVALRY AND HEROISM OF SHOOTING AN EX-YANKEE OFFICER IN THE BACK.

COLORED men say that there was a current rumor in the county of Memphis that the Ku-Klux had offered a reward of $3,000 to any one who would take Capt. Haynes' life; that the horse on which the assassin rode away was furnished and full-rigged for the purpose by a well-known citizen of the county; that colored men have overheard muttered threats of murder. It is said that no one about Marion pretends that Collier had any immediate provocation, or that Haynes had any apprehension of his designs. Indeed, it is said that he had no pistol buckled upon him. We give the excuses of the Memphis press for the assassination. *The Ledger* gives the following story:

"Clarence Collier and some others were about to engage in a game of euchre in some public room, where several persons were assembled. Turning to Capt. Haynes he asked:

"'Are you going to take a part in the game, sir?'"

"Haynes replied haughtily: 'I don't play with your sort.'"

"He saw that he had waked up the wrong customer at once, and felt for his pistol. Collier saw the movement, and stepping back a pace picked up a doubled-barreled shot gun. Haynes' pistol caught in his belt somehow, and he failed to draw it as soon as usual. Collier fired first, discharging both barrels simultaneously with terrible effect. He then drew his navy pistol and fired two more shots, both taking full effect, and Haynes struck the floor a dead man and his body terribly riddled by the pistol balls and buck shot."

The following communication appeared in the *Ledger*:

"SIC SEMPER."

"Capt. Haynes, the tyrant of Crittenden County, Arkansas, is no more. He has been sent to the eternal vengeance appointed by God, by a bullet from the pistol of Clarence Collier, who acted in this matter as the worthy executor of the Lord.

"The affair occurred about half an hour before sundown yesterday evening, in Marion. Haynes' blood-guilty son had become terrified at the return home to Arkansas of the young men whom his militia last winter had overawed by numbers and driven away. Among those who had returned was Clarence Collier; and Haynes became so apprehensive of danger to himself from the well-known gallant character of Clarence, that he gave out that he would kill him on sight—making this threat perhaps, for the purpose of scaring Clarence out of the county. But Clarence is one among ten thousand of Southern young men, and civil law being restored, was not to be driven away from his old home by Haynes' bravado.

"Yesterday, Haynes accidentally encountered Clarence in the streets of Marion, and, drawing a pistol, fired without effect. Clarence replied with a double barreled shot-gun, loaded only with small shot, but, being a good shot, he brought this second Haynau down, when he left him as dead as Hector by firing two navy balls through his head.

"Clarence immediately escaped, and the county is now being scoured for him by bands of negroes and renegade, lick-spittle whites.

"'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord;' vengeance is mine, saith the heart of every noble young man; and those who have dabbled their hands in blood and countenanced negroes in the insult of our people and the ravishment of our Southern women, may look for their inevitable fate. We mean the blood-guilty—the crime-guilty—not those who sneak out their political opinions, and utter only words.

"'Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.'

"Gallant Clarence Collier! the blessings of an oppressed people go with you; and whenever the clouds lift, you shall be known and honored throughout the land as the William Tell of Crittenden County, Arkansas.

"SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS."

The Appeal heads its account of the affair as follows: "Retribution—'He that Lives by the Sword shall Perish by the Sword'—Haynes, the Arkansas Highwayman, 'Sent Up' by Clarence Collier." It says:

"About half-past five o'clock Thursday evening, a recounter occurred on Front street, Marion, Ark., between Captain Haynes, the late infamous commander of Clayton's militia, and Clarence Collier, which resulted in the death of Haynes. The affair is thus described by an eye-witness:

"'Collier was in McClung's grocery, where he had previously left his double barreled shot-gun. He had been fishing in the morning, and had not caught any fish, and expressed his determination to go squirrel hunting. Taking his gun which had been loaded with buckshot for some time, he started out of the grocery and walked toward his horse, which was hitched a short distance off, remarking as he did so, that if he 'couldn't catch any fish he intended to have some squirrels.'

"He had hardly said this when he encountered Haynes, who was walking down the street. As soon as Haynes saw him he stopped and put his hand behind him, as if to draw a pistol—a habit of his, by the way, whenever he met any of the young men, several of whom (and Clarence among the number) he had recently threatened to shoot on sight. As soon as he observed this motion of Haynes', Clarence dropped his gun to a level and fired, pouring a load of buckshot into his left side. Haynes did not fall, although terribly wounded, but turned and faced Collier—still attempting to draw his pistol. As he did so, Collier poured the other load of buckshot into his breast and body, and he fell to the earth calling for help. Collier, on this, took his gun, which was now empty, in his left hand, and drew his pistol, being then five or six paces from Haynes, and fired one shot at him, the ball taking effect in his body. He cocked his weapon again and leveled it at his victim, but the cap snapped. A second attempt was, however, more successful, and the pistol exploded, the ball striking Haynes in the head and producing instant death."

"Collier, after assuring himself that he had finished Haynes, put up his pistol, and remarking, as if to himself, 'You will draw a pistol on me again, maybe?' walked deliberately to his horse, mounted him and rode off."

The same paper adds:

"The death of Haynes is the cause of very, very few tears, and not a little gratulation, for a blacker hearted, more infamous scoundrel never existed. He was guilty of all the crimes that a ferocious and blood-thirsty coward like him could commit.

"A fearful Nemesis constantly follows the footsteps of those who shed the blood of the innocent; and they fall as Haynes fell, and their crime-laden, blood-stained souls are hurried without warning into the awful presence of a God whom they have outraged and insulted."

The same paper editorally says:

"We hope Governor Clayton and the Arkansas authorities will view this as entirely personal between the dead and the slayer. The one threatened what the other performed. Haynes sent word to Collier that he would kill him on sight; of this the latter took advantage and killed his forewarning antagonist."

The Sun heads its account: "Captain Haynes, a Desperado, Shot." The paper says:

"Two reports are current in the city; one that Haynes and Collier had had some words at a drinking saloon, and that Haynes attempted to draw his pistol, but as it hung in his belt, he failed, and thereupon young Collier seized a gun and shot Haynes through the body. Afterward he fired at him twice with a pistol, killing Haynes instantly. Another report is, that Collier advanced behind Haynes, and when within a few paces, shot him in the back of the head with a shot gun. Haynes fell, riddled with buckshot, when Collier emptied his pistol, a revolver, in the dead body of Haynes.

The Avalanche gives the following story:

"Among those whom Haynes ran out of the county was a young man named Clarence Collier, who may be described as a desperate character, and had been charged with one or two murders, one of which was the killing of young Bethell, nephew of P. C. Bethell, near the Ten Mile Bayou, about a year ago. After Collier left, Haynes seized a mule belonging to him, which he appropriated to his own use. Collier remained away from Crittenden County until within the past month, when he returned having learned that the "mellish" had departed, and that Haynes had doffed his uniform and resumed work on his plantation. Collier called on Haynes and asked him if he could live in the county, when Haynes replied that he had no objections to it if he would behave himself. They parted on apparently good terms, although Collier felt aggrieved at the manner in which he had been used by Haynes, and the stealing of his mule. The parties met several times, but it is not known whether any words of a disagreeable character passed between them.

"Matters continued in this way until Thursday afternoon, when Collier returned from a fishing excursion and entered the grocery store of Click & McClown, situated on the principal street of Marion, between three and four o'clock. He was armed with a double barreled shot-gun, and remarking to some of those present in the store that he had been unlucky in his fishing, but perhaps he might be more fortunate in shooting a few squirrels, he commenced trying the locks of his gun, and turned towards the door. As he was about to go out on the sidewalk, Haynes, who had just returned from Memphis, came round the corner and passed up the main street, in front of the store. Haynes and Collier gazed at each other in a somewhat unfriendly manner, but did not exchange any words. Haynes walked on ten or twelve paces, and, according to the statement of an eye-witness, turned round, faced Collier, and placing his hand hurriedly under his coat, made a demonstration, as if about to draw a pistol. Collier, who had been quietly wiping the lock of his gun, on observing his movement, threw his gun quickly into position, aimed and fired at Haynes, who reeled and fell, the contents having penetrated his breast near the heart. Collier then walked up to the spot where Haynes had fallen and fired two shots from a revolver at the prostrate man, who soon afterwards expired.

CHASE AND THE "DEMOCRACY."

THE Washington correspondent of *The Independent*, writing under date of July 24th, 1868, says:

The Virginia election rouses the politicians of both parties to active thought and speculation even in the dog-days. There are new political complications on both sides. The Democrats are stirred to the center of their hearts with hopes of eventual national triumphs by the election of Mr. Walker as governor of Virginia but there are serious drawbacks upon their elation. This Governor Walker, after election, declares openly for equal suffrage and equal rights. Though he was elected mainly by "Conservative" votes, yet he doee not forget the fact that he obtained enough colored votes to insure his election. Our Northern Democrats are a good deal puzzled by this concession in the Old Dominion to the spirit of the age. The genuine Radical Democrats, with sublime devotion to their principles, choose eternal loss of office to granting any right to colored people; but the masses, and especially the "leaders," cannot much longer be held down to this strict bondage and narrow prejudice.

Already private consultations have been held by a number of leading and enlightened Democrats, who favor the new Virginia Democratic platform; and they have resolved to make Mr. Chase President, in 1872, upon a revised and reformed platform. Mr. Chase is in "the secret;" and in fact, so far as he is concerned, it is no secret. He publishes it wherever he goes. A friend who met him not long ago in Baltimore remarks: "Mr. Chase is again possessed with the idea that he is to be President, and upon a platform that he can consistently stand upon." But there is the rub. The Western Democrats are strongly committed to repudiation (in one form or another) of the national debt; while Mr. Chase abhors the thought of it, knowing that he is the author of the greenback system and of the scheme of issuing paper bonds with coin coupons. He is the last man in the country, therefore, who can consent to any thing which squints toward repudiation. How he proposes to lie down with thieves and keep a clean reputation remains to be seen.

The partial failure of reconstruction in Virginia unquestionably somewhat embarrasses the Republicans; and Congress will have to decide when it comes together whether it will sanction the election. Everything depends upon the conduct of the Virginia legislature. If it provides for equal rights in good faith, and assents to the Fifteenth Amendment, Congress will not interfere; but any trickery like that of the Georgia politicians will remand the State instantly to the care of the military. Gov. Walker perceives this, and intends to keep out of the hands of the General Government by fair play toward the colored people.

A LETTER FROM JUDGE DENT.

HE PRETENDS THAT GRANT HAS GONE OVER TO THE EX-REBELS—HE WANTS THE RECONSTRUCTION LAWS REPEALED, AND "GOOD FEELING" RESTORED.

Special Despatch to the Post.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 27th.

BEFORE leaving this city to attend the great powwow with the President at Long Branch, Judge Dent, at the urgent solicitation of a number of Republicans of Mississippi, addressed a letter to the editor of the *National Republican*, at Jackson, Miss., giving his views of the political status of the country in general and his own policy in particular.

The Judge says that as a national Republican he is opposed to the extreme proscription of his party: he places himself unequivocally upon the Walker platform of Virginia, and advocates universal amnesty with universal suffrage; is opposed to repudiation and in favor of internal improvements. In all these positions, he claims to be in unison with President Grant, and declares that it is alone upon this basis that he recognizes the fact that the discordant elements of the South are to be harmonized, and upon which the Conservative men of all parties may unite.

Judge Dent says he sees in this policy the dawn of a new era not only in the politics of the South, but of the whole country, and he boldly asserts that his policy stands fully endorsed by President Grant, proclaiming his convictions that the time has come when all good men should avoid the dead issues of the past, cut loose from the extreme policy of the Republican party and thus break the bondage of political degradation. With the adoption of these views, says Judge Dent, must come the dawn of better feelings. This policy adopted, and it changes the whole surface of Southern politics and transmutes what has heretofore been an element of discord into a source of reconciliation. The question, therefore, of negro suffrage, pending the adoption of the Fifteenth amendment, becomes fixed and irrevocable, and that which was chiefly relied on by the progenitors of negro suffrage, as a means of carrying out their extreme policy, becomes in the hands of the conservative Republicans of the South a means of more nearly adjusting again the balance of power between the sections.

Judge Dent further declares that with the advancement of knowledge among the freedmen they will see more clearly that their interests, socially and politically, are inseparably identified with those of the white resident population of the South; that a reciprocity of interests must sooner or later make the two races a unit in all that pertains to the welfare of the one or the prosperity of the other; that the great agricultural and commercial interests of the Southern States, their resuscitation and development, are yet to constitute no small share of the political topics of the future among all classes.

Referring to the late action of Secretary Boutwell and Postmaster General Cresswell in endorsing the Radicals in Tennessee, the Judge said he who lags behind in the march of events, be he of high or low degree, will find himself crushed beneath the nether millstone of inevitable progress.

It is understood that Judge Dent carried with him to Long Branch a copy of his letter for President Grant's perusal, and if the Judge's outside declarations be any evidence of his inward purposes, it is clear that he is fully determined to make the fight in Mississippi squarely on the platform as laid down in his letter.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1869.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

TO YOUR TENTS, O ISRAEL.

WHEN, ten years before the Revolution, Dr. Franklin went to England and felt the English pulse, he foresaw the coming struggle, and sent home the warning, "Husband your resources; grow strong and numerous; fortify; for we shall have to fight."

The same lesson suits us. The great struggle between Equality and Caste, between Free Institutions and a Government founded on Race,—is not, by any means, ended. The Rebellion was only a preliminary skirmish. The day is now dawning which shall see the main bodies join battle. The white race of the South,—(the rebels)—holds the land, controls the business, and is fast gathering into its hands the political force of that section. When this is accomplished, then begins the effort to reconstruct the South on an aristocratic model and to cripple, undermine and divide the Nation.

Wiseacres remind us that we must not expect too much at once; that as great a change has been already made as reasonable men would expect in one generation; that History moves, in four cases out of five, pendulum fashion,—action and reaction. We know all that. We know also why it is so in four cases out of five; and why, had God given us a great man for a leader, we might have been the fifth, exceptional case *and moved straight forward*. Had Grant been wise and brave enough for the hour, the South would have been as law-abiding as New England, and loyal men would have dared to show their wealth and their opinions there, under the protection of law. Politics would have marched to the music of a safe, gainful and contented Industry. SULLY, RICHELIEU, or BUONAPARTE, CROMWELL, WALPOLE, or CHATHAM, installed at Washington, would, in five years, have made New Orleans and Savannah the twin sisters of Boston and Chicago. Charleston would have been the banner town of the ultra Republicans, and Galveston would have taken for its city seal the motto "If any man insults the Stars and Stripes, Shoot him."

Instead of this, what have we for President? A jockey and sea-side lounger; a restless boy, needing constantly to be amused; and so impatient of business that he cannot stay at his post more than a week at a time. Five months in office, he has not yet given us an Administration. But, posting a copying clerk here and there, to to keep the machine in motion, he hurries off to idle a week at a watering-place, act Dummy at a Monster show, or Helpless at a steamboat excursion. The Presidency must indeed be a sinecure if, *in such an hour as this*, a man, bred in a camp and a tanyard, can properly discharge its duties, three hundred miles from the Capitol, in the intervals of the race-course and the half hours left after theatres and concerts.

But there is no use in finding fault with our circumstances. Wisdom takes note of, and controls them. Deserted by the Government, loyalty must "fortify" and prepare for the final struggle.

To your tents, O Israel. We must draw off and fortify. We have against us, the White South, gangrened through and through with hatred of this Nation; the selfishness of the North, eager for some sort of reconstruction in order to make money; the abdication of the Government, which has betrayed us; the gradual breaking up of the Republican party,—half its leaders, like Wilson and Greeley, believers in namby pamby and melting manhood into courtesies,—the other half, like Grant and Chase, hard at work at the old trick of eating Southern dirt to earn advancement,—and last of all, the introduction of this new issue—Chinese immigration—an issue which stirs to fresh activity race-hatred and doubles the strength of the Southern party. We called attention to it a year ago. All these masterful forces are combined against us—able to strain to the utmost the cohesion of the Nation.

We do not exaggerate. Look at the situation. Virginia slipping into rebel hands. While we slept the enemy has crept into our works. Georgia "purging" its Legislature of all loyalty; its counties defying the Government. Three successive Assistant Assessors of Revenue driven from one District by the Ku-Klux. Patient Washington turns its other cheek so submissively for the second blow! But when the *third* Assessor takes refuge at the Capitol, *it is decided that an investigation shall be made!* We are afraid that this *military* Administration is getting too excited. This course seems too bold! By all means let the "investigation" be conducted with the utmost delicacy, or possibly we may wound the feelings of gentlemen of the Ku-Klux persuasion.

Northern property safe nowhere at the South. Texas covered with outrages on women and murders of men. Tennessee playing the same game as Virginia. Stokes at the risk of his life, unsupported by Government, fighting on a forlorn hope. Andrew Johnson clamoring for the election of Senter, and Greeley quietly hoping for the defeat of Stokes! In one-half the South, loyalists telling us that unless there is a change at Washington they cannot live there,—"must fly across the Ohio"—and throughout the whole South the same men warning us that in 1872, Democrats (that is rebels) will rally the whole South on their side. This is too uniform to be accident. It is the result of plot at the South and of disloyal apathy or honest incapacity at Washington. There Grant shows himself occasionally. Fish never was a Republican. Cox was a Johnson man. Boutwell stands alone—no press to support him. If you look at the *Tribune*, its editor treats Slavery as a dead issue and longs for the old Whig party—while it is managed by one who opposed Impeachment, and would have voted for Chase as the Tammany Candidate in 1868 and wants him as such Candidate in 1872. If Johnson's treason and Grant's neutrality be succeeded by Chase and Wade Hampton, sent to Washington by Tammany Hall, where will twelve such years leave the Nation?

We hoped that the idea which conquered in the war would hold the helm long enough to harvest its results. If the Republican party could have held it for ten years to come, this might, in large measure, have been accomplished. As there is so strong a probability of rebel victory in the next Presidential election, it becomes necessary to fortify all we have gained, so as to lose as little as possible by the reaction.

There are five million of inevitable loyalists at the South; consecrated to loyalty by a black skin. If the Union lasts, it is on them its corner-stone must rest. Three things they need in order to enable them to help us—

EDUCATION,
LAND,
THE BALLOT.

Now is the time to secure the political rights of these men: to grout and rivet them firm and deep in the Constitution itself. Then, as time rolls away, they will form the nucleus around which habits and prejudices and associations will cluster,—to become, at last, National *character* and render change impossible. Now is the time to push forward, by all possible devices, Northern investments and the growth of business at the South, agricultural, mechanical and commercial; so that the great elements of our civilization shall support the political rights of the new voters. Now is the time to press education, which perpetuates itself,—once given that can never be taken away. Now is the time to correct, as far as possible, our great mistake in omitting to confiscate the land of rebels and to put loyalists upon it.

These three, land—education—ballot—are to be our iron-clads and Parrott-guns in the next campaign—these, our railways and armories. Ratify the Fifteenth Amendment. Educate the loyal voter. While he votes, protect him, if need be, with drum-beat and banner unfurled. Let him go back from the ballot-box to a homestead, so that his vote shall never risk starvation.

Arm thus and fortify. Do not let another rebellion find us with only two ships of war at home and all our guns deposited in the enemy's territory. Never again put neutrals into office. This policy of universal amnesty is only putting another McClellan at the head of our troops.

To your tents, O Israel,—for a second Buchanan sits in the White House, temporizing while the enemy gets into battle array.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LEBANON SPRINGS, Columbia Co., N. Y., August 2d, 1869.

FOR many years this place has been a favorite resort for health and pleasure seekers. Though not now perhaps as much as formerly ranked among the fashionable watering-places, it is none the less desirable on that account. It is in full view, or rather in the midst of the range of Berkshire Hills, which render Western Massachusetts and the adjoining towns of Eastern New York famous for picturesque and beautiful scenery. The air also is very invigorating. The water of the large spring is not particularly pleasant to drink. It is of a uniform temperature of 72 F. Its chief medicinal value is for bathing purposes. Used in this way many invalids claim to have been much benefitted. With or without the spring water baths there is no doubt of the general healthfullness of the locality. It abounds with pleasant and interesting drives. A new railroad has been opened for travel within a month, connecting Chatham Four Corners, N. Y., with Bennington, Vt., called the Lebanon Springs Railroad, making a direct through line in connection with the Harlem, Bennington and Rutland roads from New York to Montreal. This makes Lebanon Springs easily accessible without the fatigue of the former stage ride of a dozen miles from Canaan. There are a goodly number of visitors this year, including guests from Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Among the New York visitors is the very efficient President of the excellent society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—Mr. Henry Bergh. We wish very much that the President of the United States was one half as prompt and efficient as Mr. Bergh in protecting the lives of human beings, the loyalists, colored and white, of the Southern States!

In the same township with the Springs is the New Lebanon Shaker settlement. It is the largest of the several settlements of Shakers in this country. The presiding genius and representative man is F. W. Evans, who is well known as a man of more than average ability. He preaches with much vigor and earnestness to large audiences drawn to the public meetings of the Shakers from the outside world to witness their novel and peculiar mode of worship. His "Autobiography of a Shaker," which appeared in successive numbers of the *Atlantic* a few months ago, attracted much attention. The large and finely cultivated farms and gardens, the extensive well-ordered workshops, and the scrupulously clean and tidy though plain houses, furnish ample evidence of the material advantages to be derived from coöperation in labor and in the use of money. It it is one of the good lessons which Shakers, by example, teach the "world's" people. But coöperation requires both integrity and intelligence. The Shaker families live as brothers and sisters, conscientiously contributing their, labor and sharing a joint proprietorship in results. They are a people of strong religious convictions, acting from a sense of duty. The managers of their temporal affairs, chosen for their fitness, are, as the general prosperity and thrift of the Society demonstrates, men and women of discriminating intelligence. Adventurers, from selfish motives, sometimes put in an appearance among them and temporarily live on their hospitality, but such people do not very long feel "at home" in the Shaker atmosphere. Peaceable among themselves and the advocates of peace for all mankind, making no invidious distinctions in their membership on account of color, recognizing an equality of rights between men and women, strictly temperate, provident, careful of the poor, and remarkable for their industrious personal habits, the Shakers have anticipated most sects in the practical exemplification of many of the most important features of a truly religious life. Passing by their unphilosophical and unnatural views of marriage and parentage, we find in them much to commend, contrasted with the meagre good fruits of other sects. Like the California Chinese, of whose exercises of worship Senator Wade gives an interesting account, the Shakers have constant spiritual intercourse with their departed brethren and sisters who have gone before. Before the revival at Rochester years ago, of "Spiritualism," (which Mr. Epes Sargent in his *Despair of Science* shows to have been always, in all ages, a part of human experience in one form or another), the Shakers claim to have had frequent and familiar visits from the spirit of Ann Lee (the mother of Shakerism) and from others. Some of their experiences parallel the most remarkable accounts of the spiritual phenomena given by Mr. Sargent, Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, Mr. Peebles and other contributors to modern spiritual literature.

A name identified with New Lebanon (though not with the Shakers, fortunately for them) and one which will go down to "posterity" in connection with the memorable Fourth of July Presidential Convention held in New York last year, is that of Mr. Tilden, one of the distinguished champions of the modern Sham-Democracy. We believe it was in Mr. Tilden's presence, in an ante-room of Tammany Hall, that Horatio Seymour, having had forced upon him by the Convention a Presidential nomination which he had several times declined (!) shed tears, and sobbingly appealed to know what he should do! It was a peculiarly noteworthy farce in the comedy of politics, and by it Mr. Tilden is immortalized to fame.

In national affairs there is a noticeable absence of popular interest. The apathetic quiet is ominous. At such times the interests of the people suffer. The professional politicians and demagogues of the rings improve their opportunities in the absence of vigilance, as do the thieves and burglars while the citizens are out of town. The tendencies are to a "conservative" supremacy. By the President's failure to rigorously use the powers delegated to him to maintain order and establish political freedom in the South a treasonable ghost has arisen which threatens to conquer not alone in Virginia, but throughout the South, and to resurrect to life and power the hitherto minority party of the Sham-Democracy in the North. If there is not some change for the better soon, Grant's sins of omission will prove not less disastrous to the country then Johnson's flagrant sins of commission in his attempted betrayal of the cause and justice and impartial freedom. If Mr. Boutwell cannot so counsel the President as to have the lives of the Southern colored and white loyalists better protected, and their hands upheld, in their unequal contest with the unreconstructed and unrepentant rebels, we advise him to withdraw from the cabinet and preserve his good reputation for the service which will be required of him later. To permit the South now to lapse back again under the control of its old ruling white class is shamefully to betray our only true Southern friends, to make true peace impossible, and to defraud the nation of the best results of the abolition of slavery. Despite the conservative "whitewashing" which journals North and South are engaged in concerning the actual condition of affairs, many heart-rending accounts find their way to us detailing the shocking barbarities by which loyalty, not treason, continues to be made odious throughout the South. "Let us have peace" by securing the conditions of peace.

A. M. P.

The Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette* prints the full particulars of a recent murderous assault by unreconstructed rebels upon colored men employed on the Mississippi steamer *Dubuque*. We shall reprint the account next week. *Five unoffending colored men were beaten, cut, and drowned* by the fiends in human form. Commenting upon the shocking affair *The Tribune* says:

"The lawless ferocity of Slavery still lingers in the South. The spirit which used to wreak itself in flogging and maiming property must relieve itself now in murder. So for the inoffensive freedmen life is a perpetual peril. In Texas, for instance, and wherever there is a wild and brutal population like these Mississippi raftsmen, death stares them in the face at every step."

But these and other kindred murders are but a part of the harvest of death which *The Tribune* is helping to prepare by its dangerous "amnesty" delusion.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Mary S. Manning has been appointed by the selection of Pittsfield, Mass., as Town Liquor Agent, at a salary of $175 per year.

Miss Emily Faithful, a prominent advocate of woman's rights in England, and proprietor of a large printing establishment in London, recently stated in a public address, that out of six million women in England, two million five hundred thousand were unmarried.

In the letter of Col. R. J. Hinton of Washington which we printed last week concerning Richard Realf, and other of the John Brown men, the name of John Henri Kagi was misprinted Kazi. In a note referring to Kagi, Col. Hinton says: "He was the grandest man of the party next to Brown."

The Evening Post referring to the sudden death of Mr. William H. Sylvis, one of the editors of *The Working Man's Advocate*, says:

"William H. Sylvis, the president of the National Labor Union, whose sudden death at Philadelphia was announced yesterday, was a prominent leader of the trades unions of this country. He was a moulder by trade, but for a number of years past employed nearly his whole time in organizing trade unions. The National Union had a membership of twenty-five thousand persons, which is almost entirely due to his untiring exertions.

"At the time of his death he was the editor of the *Working Man's Advocate*, a paper published simultaneously in Chicago and Phi'adelphia. He leaves a wife and family in comfortable circumstances. He had secured his means mainly by his literary pursuits."

The Unitarian Herald (England) in a notice of Rev. Robert Collyer of Chicago, says:

"Twenty-five years ago Robert Collyer was just a studious youth, working as a journeyman in the little blacksmith's shop at Ilkley, fond of reading, eager for self-improvement, busy in trying to form a little newsroom and library there, in which connection our good friend, Mr. Henry J. Morton, of Garforth, knew and helped him. He was a Methodist at that time, occasionally a local preacher. In the year 1850, he went to America, and there was brought more strongly under the influence of liberal religious ideas, and became a Unitarian, and not having lost the warmth of his old faith, longed by-and-by to devote himself altogether to the ministry, and began his new career as city missionary of the Unitarian congregation in Chicago. From that time he has gradually risen in esteem and influence, until to-day he is, perhaps, the most popular minister through all the great Western States, and beginning to be known throughout the Union. And how has Mr. Collyer obtained this influence? Here is another notable thing. There is not in him any element of the startling or eccentric, still less the slightest approach to the pulpit buffoonery, which has won for some of the preachers of the day a wide but dubious popularity. His is the power of genuine fervor and strong common sense, combined with gentle, loving simplicity of character. There is in him little of anything that can be called genius, nothing whatever of straining after effect; but out of a heart aglow with piety and love, and quick to note the nobler aspect of nature and of humanity, from which he is never tired of drawing illustrations, he pours forth in racy Saxon speech words that coming from the heart go direct to the heart. Now, we put this man's success as a great encouragement to the preacher. Piety and love are not exceptional gifts. Their inspiring power waits for every minister who will rise to the full height of his calling, and give himself thoroughly to Him whose gospel he preaches. Simplicity and directness, too, are within the reach of any one who will throw himself, heart and soul, into his work so as to forget himself in it."

VOICES FROM THE LOYAL SOUTH.

TENNESSEE, July 27th, 1869.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq.—*My Dear Sir:*—Your clear notes of warning to Gen. Grant, the soldier, are like bugle calls in camp, and they echo through all the rebel papers in the South. I take up my pen to drop you a hasty line, explanitory of the situation in Tennessee, that you may know something of the truth here, and wrap it in your thrilling sentences to hurl it at the decaying Republican party.

We have revolution here—an acting Governor trampling laws under his feet, appointing rebel registers, and through them enfranchising illegally the enemies of the State, in order to elect himself. You are aware that the first two legislatures placed great power in the Governor's hands in order that Brownlow might perpetuate his radical government until the State was safe out of the rebel conflict. Brownlow became U. S. Senator, and a palsied, enfeebled man, surrounded by a chosen few in his room. Senter, relieved of his disabilities by Congress, became Acting Governor, and encouraged by Brownlow's sons with whom he is a boon companion, determined at all events to become Governor. His friends broke up the Convention, at which the people desired to nominate Stokes, and Senter and Stokes became the rival candidates for the Governorship, without any nomination. Senter has gone into Democratic hands, and by appointing registers, nullified the franchise law. Stokes is conducting a canvass against him at the risk of his life, being bullied at every speech. Senter is frequently drunk on the streets, gambles, etc.

The State has gone. The election will be a farce. A Democratic legislature with Senter as Governor is certain. The negro will hereafter have no friend. Stokes will be beaten, like Ben Wade, for adhering to Republican principles.

There is but one hope. Let Stokes fight it out to the end and claim his election by the legal voters of Tennessee, as he will receive them, and call upon the Government to stand by him. We have revolution to fight here, with rebels in power. I want you to call upon Stokes to stand by his legal majority and his colored constituents. Show up the disgraceful opposition, and point out results; —for '72 will see the Southern rebels, aided by Northern Democrats, in power. To-day they are bidding for Gen. Grant, with promises to reelect him. We are in a fearful crisis, and in fact I believe we are past *hope*.

***

VIRGINIA, July 26th, 1869.

I think the aims of a majority of the white men of this State have been reached in this election, namely, to make it a white State, and besides, in this election, we have the results of the mistakes made by the leaders of the Republican party in 1867-8. You know as a general thing political parties are made up of men full of selfishness or sinister motives. Our new element, that is the colored man, has not yet learned that fact, and the time to have made the Republican organization a success was in 1867, when a large number of young white men, led by John M. Botts, were trying to escape the punishment which they supposed would follow the war. They came to the Convention at Richmond, August, 1867, to join the party, not then looking for or expecting office; it was then too soon for them to expect political favors. But Mr. J. W. Hunnicutt fearful of losing his chance to be Governor of Virginia, and depending entirely upon our new political elements for his success, and forgetting the claims of the party to success, shut out Botts and his followers. He used colored men as a means to accomplish his ends. The newspapers of the city and State made this blunder a pretext for organizing a white man's party; their old army organizations were brought into line for a new purpose under the management of R. M. T. Hunter, H. A. Wise, Goode, Baldwin, and this class of men. They went to work with a sargeant over tens, captains over fifties, and colonels over one hundreds, and the whole State was thoroughly marshalled for the election. And now you know it was impossible for a people, in the condition of the blacks, without education or a foot of land to stand upon which they could call their own, to escape the influences of such an organization. The whites were not more determined at Bull Run than they were on carrying this election. In the face of Gen. Canby's interpretation of the test oath, they have elected men to the Legislature whom they know cannot take it. The manner in which the election was ordered *against* the *wishes* of *Wells* has lead them to believe that Gen. Grant is in sympathy with the Southern whites, so much so that Gen. Canby will not be allowed to compel the the members elected to take the oath. And if this oath is not insisted upon, then we are to realize our worst fears for the future of the colored people. The Legislature will be filled with snake-eyed rebels. The two Federal senators to be elected by that body will be rebels, and all legislation will be rebel, and unless Gov. Walker is made of better materials than I think he is, the hundred county judges whom he has got to appoint will also be rebels, and how can he help himself. To do otherwise will be to go back upon his party, and the men that elected him. But he is in their hands and cannot escape their influences, and their recommendations will be appointed. The Republican party of Virginia to-day is completely demoralized, and the blacks are in the hands of the whites. If we should have another election on the first day of August, 1869, the Republican party would not get 20,000 votes of them in the State, and the means which were brought to bear to produce this effect are of every conceivable character—intimidation, want of bread, the idea of living without a house to live in, fear of being shot in the night-time, loss of business and subsistence for the little ones whose daily existence depends upon the daily earnings of the father, all this made the blacks vote against themselves. We had also some Republicans who could not abide the negro. Messrs. George Rey and Painter of the Valley, old readers of the *Liberator* and STANDARD, and hundreds of men who were in the army, all went over to the rebel party, with this plea that after the election they would get control and retain power in the hands of the real Republicans of the State. These gentlemen now see their weakness, and see that they will receive no favors from the men whom they have worked and voted for. And strange to say we have two colored men living here from New York, who in this election stood ready to eat the dirt from the slaveholders' boots, Edward V. Clark and Isaac Hunter, both men of families. The former was once quite a business man in New York, the latter though a man of some education belongs to the Five-Point clan. He, it is said, with (Edward Allen White) are going to be sent to Mississippi to help the rebels in their work upon the blacks there as they have here.

I will send you a paper this week from which you will see how the Legislature stands. If the members elected take their seats, I hope the President may see your last letter to THE STANDARD. Very respectfully yours,

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TENNESSEE, July 28th, 1869.

Many many thanks to you for your noble "hot shot" words of truth which you are firing at the enemy. God only knows what we loyal people suffer. Shot at, clubbed, knifed, threatened even death—which is always welcome. Sir, the cause of '61 is now in full blast, and growing more bold daily. Treason will sit at the State Capitol next month and loyal people will suffer more. The traitors told us in '61 that we loyal people would be laughed at, while they would be rewarded. Such is the case now. Many will cross the Ohio the balance of the year. Oh, that we had a true friend at our head—*one with nerve*—that would crush them and their rebellious principles forever. Go on then, my friend, do your duty. We read your letters, they are drops of wisdom to us and consolation comes with them. The true Union men of the South pray for you.

A LOYALIST.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 3d, 1869.

If the purblind stupidity and cowardice of friends puts the cause of national progress in peril; the blind fury of its enemies is almost sure to bring it out thereof. Just now the Southern whites are showing how admirably they can throw away that which Northern weakness and ignorance bestows upon them. Just now the South has another opportunity of again recovering its lost position. Andrew Johnson gave it one in 1865-66. Even then, stupendous as was his treachery and alarming as its consequences appeared to every one that looked, if the ruffianism emplanted by slavery in the blood of the South—that spirit of assassination which makes them run *amoke*—could have but restrained itself, the reaction would have succeeded.

This time, learning something by hard lessons, they have played their game shrewdly,—successfully too as far as Virginia is concerned. But that they cannot hold in much longer is very evident. Every mail brings evidence that the blood-fury is rising once more, and if, as is now certain, Tennessee passes into pro-rebel hands, they will be able no longer to conceal their exultation. When that comes, look for murder on every Southern breeze. Of this people one might say as did Nicolo Conti, the traveller, who wrote in 1430, of the Malays: "they exceed every other people in cruelty. They regard killing a man as a mere jest; nor is any punishment allotted for such a deed." Barbosa writing in 1660 finishes the picture, and makes it fit our Southern case, when he says of the Malays: "They are very malicious, great deceivers, seldom speaking the truth, prepared to do all manner of wickedness, and ready to sacrifice their lives." Again the devilish insanity of the South will arouse the nation to coming danger, learning by it that there can be no trust in the men who betray liberty, and that at the best, during this generation's life-time, it must be an armed neutrality, very vigilant on our part.

Seriously, if the pro-rebel politicians shall at the last lose a larger portion of their prize, it will be because of their inability to subdue even temporarily the ferocity of the tiger they nursed into vigorous life. It is said that the "man-eaters," tigers who have once tasted human blood, are never content thereafter with inferior prey. They lurk around the villages near their haunts, and at some unlucky moment will seize an unfortunate victim, even boldly risking destruction therefor. The oligarchic rulers of the white South, let their clansmen taste blood nine years since and now they are hungry for it always. Virginia cheered them, Tennessee fills them with glee, and resistance to Federal authority in Georgia, threatened rebellion in and about Edgefield, South Carolina, ten murders a month in Mississippi, (Gen. Ames acknowledged to that number when here a few days since), and a renewal of the carnival of crime, which seems to be the normal condition of Texas, are the legitimate fruits of indifference personified in the Executive, weakness in the Press, and blindness on the part of Republican leaders.

Where is the Peace we have been so vociferously promised? I know that there are times in the history of men and nations alike, when life is the merest bauble, weighing but little in the struggles by which we have moved forward; but that day passed some years since in our National existence. What we need is justice,—stern, unyielding, pitiless. The weak and wicked sentimentalism, grows at last to be the vail for renewed betrayal. Behind Greeley's all-embracing benevolence (for rebels), lurks the haughty and sinister face of Salmon P. Chase, trafficking with the would-be murderers of liberty, for the Presidential silver with which his treason desires to be rewarded. But the hoarse murmur of a community, answering to Bishop Berkley's pondering query—"what if a Nation should go mad?"—may yet arouse us. There is none the less treason in the Southern heart than before defeat. It is bitterer, more malignant, fastened into its fibres and pulsating its black drops through the body's veins with every beat.

The situation has not changed since I wrote last, except in the important particular I have mentioned above. That ought to be marked with interest. Otherwise all is adrift. Grant has given no sign, unless a talk with a Mississippi rebel, reported by the associated press, is so considered. If it be true, the only sign it gives is that our Sphinx has a forked tongue, and talks either to conceal or betray. What probably he really does wish, is found in the report Dent's friends have circulated of a breakfast table talk, had the morning before returning to Long Branch. The story in substance is that the President informed his brother-in-law that personally he wished him success, as the President and politically he could not aid him; all he could do would be to remain neutral and call off the Heads of Departments from interference with his (Dent's) friends.

This is triumphantly whispered among the would-be Governor's friends here. Perhaps the evidence of its truth may be found in the fact that the day before Grant returned from Long Branch, the suspension of the so-called Republican leaders of the Dent treachery was determined upon. I mean of course those holding Federal offices. Prominent among these is the Postmaster at Corinth and the District Attorney for Southern Mississippi. The orders were made out for their suspension five days ago, and Gen. Ames left here with the expectation of their isuance ere this. Are they kept back to enable the President to fulfill the pledge of neutrality of which the boasts are frequent here? If so, we ought to and will know it.

ASMODEUS.

Our Eastern Correspondence.

NEWBURYPORT, July 31st, 1869.

THERE is no pleasanter place than Newburyport in summer. The walks and drives in its vicinity cannot be exceeded in beauty, and beautiful beaches are near at hand for the many who like salt air and salt water. Its commerce is not great, the record of marine affairs during one day of my stay, here being limited to the sailing of one sloop and the arrival of one schooner. So there is plenty of room on the river for pleasure-parties, and you may have a delightful sail, either up the Merrimac to Haverhill, or down, three miles, to Plum Island, or out into the bay. And all these advantages are used with thankfulness by multitudes of residents and visitors.

The principal event of the week here has been the holding of a Convention in the City Hall by the Essex County Woman's Suffrage Association. The officers of this body are very active, and very much in earnest, and, undeterred by the heat of the season, they are going on to hold other meetings in various places throughout the county, ripening public opinion for continued applications to our Legislature and to Congress, until law shall concede all that justice demands for women.

Most of the clergy of this town, like its people, are the very reverse of "hospitable to new ideas." Rev. Joseph May, however, of the Unitarian church, did his part toward the success of the Convention by preaching an admirable sermon on "The rights and duties of Women," on the Sunday evening before the meeting, and also by taking active share in the preparations for the meeting, and in its proceedings. Rev. Mr. Wright, minister of one of the Methodist churches, made a good speech in the Convention, and Rev. Mr. White, rector of the Episcopal church, who was unable to be present, sent a letter of friendly sympathy.

The Sunday-school of one of the orthodox churches had its annual pic-nic on the day of the Convention, which the pastor and his wife were of course obliged to attend. But the lady felt so genuine an interest in the Women's meeting that she not only came to it for half the morning and the whole of the evening session, but made provision for five of the strangers in attendance on the Convention to dine at her house, in her absence. Surely of her it must be said that she did what she could.

Though the town is slow, it is decidedly moving in this matter of Women's rights. Twenty years ago, when Rev. T. W. Higginson was minister here, he preached the same doctrine taught in this Convention; he upheld it in his pulpit, in his conversation and in his writings. No doubt his action upon this subject bore good fruit in the hearts of some of his own people; but the majority even of them did not take to it, and the rest of the town regarded this idea as one of the dangerous and heretical theories naturally growing out of Unitarianism.

Now, the change appears in the fact that Mr. May's sermon had a larger audience than usual, notwithstanding the heat of that Sunday evening, that the City Hall of Newburyport was half filled in the morning session of the Convention, filled in the afternoon and crowded in the evening, that the strongest and best utterances of the speakers brought out active applause, and that the interest in the closing session was such as to keep the great mass of the audience until ten o'clock, and a considerable number until the close of the meeting at half-past ten. The Convention was highly successful and satisfactory, in spite of the absence of some earnest friends of the cause, who had been expected to take part in the speaking.

The ladies, on this occasion, did their fair share in the advocacy of their own cause. Mrs. William Ives of Salem, President of the Essex County Woman's Suffrage Association, presided, Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford made an opening prayer and afterwards joined in the speaking, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe spoke briefly in the morning and read an interesting paper in the afternoon, and addresses were made by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, Rev. Olympia Brown, Mrs. B. F. Bowles, and Miss Mary Graves, understood to be a student of Divinity. The lady last named made a just and effective reply to some of the fallacies of Dr. Bushnell's recently published work.

The *Newburyport Herald* gave a rather meagre and decidedly unsympathetic report of the Convention, and did what it could in editorial articles to throw cold water on the movement, and the ideas represented there. Of course this excited no surprise, since it is the general attitude of the paper towards reforms not yet popular; but there was fresh occasion in this instance to notice the strange combination of coarse and vulgar ideas, the slang of partisan democracy, with the peculiar phraseology of the Swedenborgian church. Though that church has always held itself aloof from reform, those who frequent it are generally people of refinement, and its dialect seems to imply a love of spiritual things; so, when we see praise of love, and of truth, and of celestial wisdom, joined in the same article to an estimate of woman precisely like that practically displayed by the most brutal and drunken Irishman, a painful sense of incongruity arises. Still, if the Swedenborgian church can stand it, I suppose outsiders can.

NORTH.

THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

The list of States which have ratified the Amendment, we believe, is as follows:

MISSOURI,	March 1, 1869. (Defective).*	
KANSAS,	February 27th,	†
NORTH CAROLINA,	March 5, 1869.	
WEST VIRGINIA,	" 3, "	
MASSACHUSETTS,	" 9-12 "	
WISCONSIN,	" 9, "	
MAINE,	" 12, "	
LOUISIANA,	" 5, "	
MICHIGAN,	" 8, "	
SOUTH CAROLINA,	" 16, "	
PENNSYLVANIA,	" 26, "	
NEW YORK,	April 14, "	
ALABAMA,		
ILLINOIS,		
MINNESOTA,		
IOWA,		
NEBRASKA,		
ARKANSAS,		
NEVADA,		
CONNECTICUT,		
INDIANA,		
FLORIDA,		
RHODE ISLAND—SENATE.		
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		

The Amendment has been rejected

DELAWARE.

Georgia, not competent, until "reconstructed" again, to either ratify or to reject the Amendment, has gone through the form of rejecting it.

*Missouri failed to act upon the second section.

—†Kansas the second section was imperfect when ratified.

ON FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Post:

SIR: From some remarks in your paper I am inclined to think that you are not very anxious, one way or another, on the question, hence I am going to tell you some tales about female suffrage in the only spot on this planet where it existed, and that from the earliest period of authentic history till A. D. 1544. That was in Wales, the birthplace of Roger Williams. All the males as soon as they had a beard, and all the females when married, had the right of suffrage. The males were minors till they had a beard.

The national motto was "The Truth against the World," for the Welsh Druids taught that it was the duty of all men to seek after the truth and to receive it against the whole world; hence priests, whether Druid or Christian, were never dictators in truth and morals. Such matters were under the control of the National Assembly, and there is no particle of evidence in Welsh history that there ever was a law on heresy or witchcraft. When the witches were cutting up such pranks in Massachusetts, no witch ever showed her nose in the district called Swanzea which was settled by a colony from Swanzea, in Wales. In fact it is evident that fifteen centuries ago, so far as human rights and just laws are concerned, Wales was in advance of any State or Kingdom now existing, not excepting the States of our Union, for all the land was public domain, and every family had five acres of land free as their "natural right." Certain officers had good estates during their term of office, as our president now has the White House. There were several classes that were endowed with five acres more as a privilege. These were: 1st. Ministers of religion, Druid, or Christian. 2d. Qualified teachers. 3d. Men of primary trades, viz: smiths, masons and carpenters. The balance of the land was let to farmers, and the rents applied as taxes are now.

The laws secured to all families the free use of five acres, and the exemption from levy or sale on any claim of debt or fine all things that were needed in the family, trade or profession, "because it was unjust in the law to unman the man or to uncall the calling."

The result has been that in proportion to the number of people Wales has less crime than any other region on this planet. It has about 1,400,000 souls; about 70,000 members in Baptist churches; over 60,000 Independent; over 60,000 Calvinistic Methodists, and about 30,000 of the followers of John Wesley. These are all sound on the fundamental principles of Christianity. I am a little over eighty years of age, but have never seen a Welsh Roman Catholic, male or female.

Talk as we may about inalienable rights, every woman that is married and is a mother is robbed of her rights while under a landlord; for the Bible tells us that God made the earth to be inhabited, and Uncle Sam ought to devote a square mile in every township to be given in small lots to lacklanders when applied for, say five acres; one hundred lots, and the overplus of 140 acres for a village for mechanics, giving each family a lot of half an acre, 100 feet by 112, or 50 by 224; the 40 acres for streets, and a public square and a place of repose for the dead.

Dear sisters, claim your natural rights. The chief concern of the men is whether Dick, Tom or Harry shall enjoy the honor and emolument of office; but sure I am that if all our married women could vote they would not suffer women and children to starve and perish in tenement houses, unless they chose to stay in such holes.

Now, imagine a square mile of land situated as described above, having nice cottages, fine gardens and a bower covered with grape vines, and the mother and children sitting or playing under the shade in June, July and August. Would it not be a paradise compared with many portions of our cities? These are the sentiments of a native of Wales, who landed in this city, July 18th, 1801.

SAMUEL JENKINS.

NEW ENGLAND RADICAL PEACE CONVENTIONS will be held at Providence, R. I., Musical Institute Hall, Market Square, Sunday, August 15th, 1869, at half-past 10 A. M., and 3 P. M. R. I. Branch Society.—Monday, August 16th at 3 P. M. At Mystic, Conn., Mystic Hall, Thursday, August 19th, 1869, at 7 P. M. Grove of Silas E. Burrows, Esq., West Bank of Mystic River, Friday, August 20th, at 10 A. M. At Northampton, Mass., Florence Hall, Sunday, August 23d, 1869, at 10 1-2 A. M., 2 1-2 P. M. and 7 P. M.

Peace is the glory of civilization!—the vote is unanimously for it. How to deserve it and attain it are the objects of these meetings. Let the people attend!

Among those who are expected to be present are—Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia; Levi K. Joslin, of Providence; Miss Julia Crouch, of Mystic; Adin Ballou, of Hopedale; H. C. Wright, of Boston; Lysander S. Richards, of Boston.

LITERARY.

PATTY GRAY'S JOURNEY TO THE COTTON ISLANDS is the name of a series of books for children by Mrs. Caroline H. Dall. Lee & Shepard, the publishers of these promising juvenile books, have issued the first volume—*From Boston to Baltimore*. Its nicely bound, tinted pages do them much credit. The picture of Patty Gray in the frontispiece, gives a pleasant introduction to this interesting little personage. The simple attire, the child-like attitude, the inquiring face, all invite to follow her in her Southern journeyings.

Mrs. Dall has not written simply to amuse her juvenile readers. Her object has been to impart a moral lesson as well. And so in her preface "for children who care to learn," she recounts many incidents which she herself witnessed of the cruelties of slavery, to enforce her interpretation of the golden rule of justice. She says:

"I know there are people who think this subject so sad and painful that they will not like to have their children hear about it; but in the late war very little children had to suffer cold, and hunger, and death, and many colored children bore bitterer trials than I should dare to tell; and if you, and your little brothers and sisters, cannot bear to listen to the story of their sorrows, it seems to me it must be because you do not love them enough.

"But what good will it do?" cries out that merry, lazy little girl in the corner, who would rather laugh than cry, and who does not care very much to do any work.

My dear little sister, if you will read all about it, and understand it, you will help others to remember all that God has been teaching us in this terrible war, and what we are already *beginning to forget*.

"Beginning to forget!" and yet, so many of those we loved gave their lives, or suffered worse than death, to begin the work we have not patience or earnestness enough to complete!"

It is indeed a painful preface; as all such accounts must be, because so true. Yet it impresses a lesson which all the children of larger growth have not yet fully learned. We need "line upon line and precept upon precept," till as a people, we have atoned for the great wrong done to the African race. Mrs. Dall has rendered good service to the cause of freedom, by weaving such instruction into the more attractive style of the story-book.

It is only the preface which is tinged with sadness however, and the child reader will eagerly follow Patty Gray in her journey from her native Boston home to Baltimore, and share with her the new sights and scenes which awaited her, as described after the close of the late war. But we are not going to tell much about her, because we want every little boy and girl should read for themselves and learn how even the best of children have to contend with human weaknesses, and also what joy comes of conquering them. And since all parents are not gifted in the wisdom of discipline which Patty's father and mother possessed, they, too, may learn valuable lessons which if heeded, would aid them to furnish in the development of children nobler and better types of humanity.

The Herald of Health for August is an excellent number. Baroness Manenholz Bulon writes of "Kindergarten Instruction;" Rev. Charles H. Brigham discourses physiologically on the Gospel of "Light;" George W. Bungay gives a poem on "Health and Vigor;" Rev. H. W. Beecher tells "How to control the lower passions," and gives valuable phrenological instruction as to the government of children; Mrs. E. O. Smith continues "Kitty Howard's Journal;" Rev. O. B. Frothingham treats of "Suffering;" Dr. George H. Taylor contributes a third paper on "Consumption;" Mrs. Horace Mann suggests "New Methods for Improving Domestics," favoring schemes for their instruction. She thinks that housekeepers should be reminded of their duties, however, as well as domestics of theirs, and says: "'Servants, obey your masters' is often quoted, and has been to many minds an excuse for slavery itself. The counter axiom should be, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you,' which would include the duties of the employer to the employed. The responsibilities of the educated, and of those whom fortune favors, are at least double those of the uneducated and unfortunate. Is it saying too much to say that *one-third* at least of the fault on this sorely vexed question rests with the employers?"

The interesting article on "A General Educational Reform," by Emma Mardwedel, indicates the standpoint from which women's equality with men is viewed in Germany. We quote:

"The striving of our time points to self-development, self-formation, self-disposal. Therefore, self-activity becomes a need of the age; the result will be self-help. When civilization, acting on this fundamental principle, leads to making all human beings equal in privileges, not confining it to birth, or even to the male sex, it becomes a question of *the whole human race*. When woman is once considered the integral part of the human race, she can no longer be excluded from scientific, social, industrial, and commercial institutions, and what now seems especially the *women's question*, will lose its specific character, and become, what it *ought to be*, the general *human* question; and it will be impossible for man to turn aside from this consideration of a subject in which his own welfare is so deeply involved.

"Science and art, the chief factors in civilization, are already open to men of every class; they belong to the mission of mothers also, who must always be the first appointed, and therefore the most important educators, more important than fathers or schools, or any general influence.

"Woman needs science and art also for her own æsthetical development, moral edification, and spiritual devotion; for, without them, she misses every possibility of quickening the spiritual progress of the young, and that elevation required for the guidance of family and home life. Only by the highest æsthetical and moral consciousness, can she satisfy the spiritual demand of a generation striving for higher and higher progress. And, as technical life can no longer go on without science and art, these have also made themselves necessary to practical life. Who is better adapted to elevate the practical part of life and make it beautiful than woman? Therefore, science and art must no longer be kept from woman; they must be made as accessible to her as possible. * *

"But the woman herself must be fitted with the highest moral and physical strength, and therefore not be excluded from the finest cultivation possible. Up to the present time we have what may be called 'learned women,' who have neither ear nor eye for true laborious occupations, because they have thought themselves above them; or else women, who sink so deeply into domestic labor that they become quite indifferent to all higher interests and all improvements out of the common track. But the so-called learned women should try to do justice to the claim of our time by self-education to more laborious work, and the other portion to become more spiritual. * * * * * * * * * * * *

"After saying all this, you may ask, How have we to educate the female sex for this better condition of the future generation, and their *equal rights* with men? Female education is, up to this time, only an appendage to male education. What seems useful to women has been taken out of it. All pedagogical discussions and institutions regard only male interests. Girls have been neglected in schools, because they are trusted to the home and house education. And now, when spiritual capacity for work is wanted, we feel disappointed that women are so little disciplined for a practical and natural position in society, and have so little interest for higher questions in social affairs.

The beautiful motto: "Learn to serve from the earliest days of girlhood." (*Diénen lerne bei zeiten das weib*), in every educational journal must become the subject matter of teaching. It has been the prejudice that women not belonging to the lowest classes of society should neither be obliged to serve or to work. Association or coöperation in work has not been much opened to them by law or custom. But to-day, they may not only be taught to serve themselves, they may be taught to serve the community with head and heart according to the eternal laws of Nature, which guides every atom to serve every other.

"The rich material of the Froebel Kindergarten, in its largest extension, may give ample scope for female working, and serve as the chief remedy to the present defective female education. On this basis may be founded the education of our time,

"Through work, to work."

The editorial department contains, as usual, much practical instruction concerning the laws of health and the treatment of the sick.

The August *Radical*, an excellent number, presents for its leading article a carefully written paper on "Theodore Parker," by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, from which we quote the following:

"Theodore Parker was a natural reformer. This man could not live to himself, nor die to himself. Whether living or dying, he was the Lord's. Every fact in his experience was human. A poor boy, he had felt the disabilities of poverty. Born to toil, he could sympathize with the toiler. Of humble parentage, he knew no distinction of persons. His love of children, his hold on the common people, his use of the common speech, prove him a plain man among men. He was without scorn. He could not see a criminal arrested without feeling that only his own good fortune saved him from the same fate. He could not see a man degraded by vice, without feeling that, under other circumstances, he might have been in his place. The greatest was no more than a human being; the smallest was no less. At the bar of humanity all might plead, and all must. Anthony Burns and Daniel Webster stood there side by side, and there was no more hesitation in justifying the one than in condemning the other. The *common humanity* it was that glorified. Men, as they *shared* that, were great; as they *slighted* that, were little. This sympathy with the human, this thorough faith in it, and profound respect for it, is the key to his social and political career. He was no theorist, or *doctrinaire*, or schemer, or system-monger. He had no patent medicine or infallible pill. Socialism never caught him in its cobwebs. His stout legs stuck right out of the coverlet of whatever Procrustes' bed he was stretched on; and the legs condemned the bedstead. He would not march with a trained band. He was the despair of politicians. Even the best reformers had to be very elastic to take him in. . . . . No man in the United States—orator, preacher, lecturer, editor, legislator, statesman—did more, few did so much as he, to bring the matter of slavery before the people. He saw the compass of the evil, he felt the magnitude of the sin. He knew that either slavery must die or the Republic; either slavery or humanity on the Western Continent. He girded himself to save, not the Union, but the nation; not the government, but the idea on which the government was built. His efforts were tremendous. In all literature there is nothing to match the productiveness of his tongue and pen. From his first "Letter to the People of the United States touching the Matter of Slavery," to his speech ten years later, in 1858, on "The Present Aspect of Slavery in America," the tide of argument, appeal, remonstrance, rebuke, invective, wit, humor, pathos, ridicule, warning never ceased to flow from his lips. The statements of principles, the expositions of law, the lessons from history, the deductions from reason, the demonstrations of facts and figures—swift, burning, unanswerable—flew like thunderbolts from his heart. No matter who fell; no matter who was sacrificed; no matter what reputation suffered; no matter what great name went down; no matter what great hearts broke. The more illustrious the person who stood in the people's way, the more dangerous to the people's safety. The future of America hung on the balance. It was cheaply purchased at any price. He was ready to die for it himself. He was ready to strike down others. It was not for the slave or his master, it was not for peace or union, it was for the victory of the human, that he struck. Remember that, ye who complain that he struck hard. He *did*. And there was need that he should; for the strikers were few, the foe was myriad-headed, the breath of the monster was in our faces, and men were inhaling it as the breath of heaven. Five years before the iron hail fell on Sumter he predicted it, and prepared for it. His listening ear caught the footfalls of the coming fate. Human in every atom and pulse of his being, he felt the unconscious drift of the popular energy, perceived the subtle links that joined cause to effect, measured accurately the rising of the popular inspiration, indicated the very moment when the tide of shame and sorrow would overflow and tears would turn to blood. We missed him then. We missed him afterward. We have missed him ever since. At every turn of fortune, at every crisis of destiny, in the hour of victory, in the the hour of defeat, we missed him—the soul of the war while the war raged, the soul of peace when the peace came, the better conscience, the sweeter heart, the more heroic will of us all. Boston has not been Boston, Massachusetts has not been Massachusetts, New England has not been New England, since he died. Alas that memory should fade so fast! Alas that men should turn to shadows so quickly! Blessed those who can treasure such a memory! Blessed those who live within even the shadow of such a soul! A soul of duty, of forgetfulness, of sacrifice; a soul that travailed for humanity; that labored, earned, garnered, spent for mankind; that burned itself out, that light might be kindled in other hearts; a soul that found itself in order that it might lose itself. We console ourselves with thinking that his genius has passed into his countrymen, and is felt in the inspiration of our souls; that the winds that sigh over his grave will carry the breath of it to dear Italy, in her life-struggle; that a new age will bear his seed in its bosom; that his invisible spirit mingles with the gales that blow the ship of state; that the condition of the world will be more clearly manifest for his having been a part of it: but him we miss more and more, as one of those embodiments of force who condense principles into persons, and present to us the whispered word of heaven in the form of a man."

The leading paper of *The Woman's Advocate* for August is entitled "Breakers," the fourth of a series, by Mrs. Caroline H. Dall; Augusta Cooper Bristol contributes a poem, "Voices;" Kate A. Hausen gives Parts I. II. of a story entitled "To Warn, to Comfort, and Command;" Mrs. Francis D. Gage contributes an interesting article, "Thoughts," in which she answers prevalent objections to woman's participation in politics. She says:

"There is not a dram shop in these United States that would not allow me to enter in and *refresh* myself with a brandy sling if I chose to go in and ask for and pay for it. What keeps me out? Can you tell good friends? Will the "right of suffrage give me one particle additional right to do so evil a thing? There is not a scrap of law to prevent me now from the low practices and vices of the lowest humanity; will voting make them more attractive to me than now? What can make the pipe, cigar, and wine cup, more congenial to women than a husband's theory, that they are necessary, 'pleasant to the taste and to be desired to make one wise'—backed up by his daily and hourly practice.

"Many a poor woman, soft as unbaked dough and sweet as sugar-kisses, and as attractive as frizzles, flounces, flowers and fidgets can make her, lives with the 'degradation of politics' from babyhood to good old age, first with father and brothers, then with husband, sits at the same fireside, eats at the same table, and lays head on the same pillow, breathes in the foetid breath, listens to the profanity, and endures the madness of public life, which is brought home to the 'sacred hearth' and retains to the last her softness and 'sweet attractive grace.' If the contact at home and abroad, with the politicians, (for every man is a politician) three hundred and sixty-three days in a year, Fourth of Julys and New Years' days included, has not spoiled us wholly in the last century, do in mercy let us try the other two days and see for a little, whether *we* can *be* any worse than we are."

Mr. Samuel C. Blackwell contributes a well reasoned article showing the accord in principle between the pending Fifteenth Amendment and the proposed Sixteenth Amendment,—that the adoption of the former will logically and inevitably hasten the success of the latter. "A Woman's Story," a memory of the Cumberland Valley, is a poem by the Editor, William P. Tomlinson; M. W. Campbell asks justice, or expediency?"—and answers in favor of the latter. R. W. Hume writes of "The Law and the Testimony"; the Editorial Department presents an article introducing a letter from Francis D. Gage, both editorial and letter strongly urging the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, and disavowing sympathy with the selfish and unjust doctrine promulgated by some advocates of Woman Suffrage that because women are not enfranchised, therefore colored men shall not be until the Woman Suffrage reform can be consummated. *The Advocate* inculcates the more sensible, generous and just sentiment that both should be enfranchised at the earliest possible day. The August number as a whole is very readable and interesting. We continue to receive subscriptions for *The Advocate* in connection with THE STANDARD, the two for four dollars a year.

Our Young Folks for August is even more attractive than usual. Mr. Aldrich continues his "Story of the Bad Boy;" J. T. Trowbridge writes of "Lawerence among the Coal Mines;" Junius Henri Browne describes "Going up in a Ballon; Major Traverse invites to "A Strange Dish of Fruits;" Mrs. Aggasiz has another paper on Florida reefs; Rev. E. E. Hale explains how, and "What to Read," and there is a pleasant story about "Gardening for Girls." Lucy Larcom contributes a "Berrying Song," and beside other engravings, there are two beautiful full page pictures, both designed by women. "The Morning Glory," so fitly represented by the babe in the cradle, was sketched by Miss Lucy Gibbons. The poem we reprint:

MORNING-GLORY.

Wondrous interlacement!
Holding fast to threads by green and silky rings,
With the dawn it spreads its white and purple wings;
Generous in its bloom, and sheltering while it clings,
Sturdy morning-glory.

Creeping through the casement,
Slanting to the floor in dusty, shining beams,
Dancing on the door in quick fantastic gleams
Comes the new day's light, and pours in tideless streams,
Golden Morning-glory.

In the lowly basement,
Rocking in the sun, the baby's cradle stands,
Now the little one thrusts out his rosy hands;
Soon his eyes will open; then in all the lands
No such Morning-glory.

Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Calhoun contributes to *Hearth and Home* a very interesting review of Dr. Bushnell's recent book on Woman Suffrage which concludes as follows:

"With the growth of the civilities, woman's active power is more and more needed, and more and more felt. A very serious question presses in the proposal to extend the suffrage. But it does not involve men *as* men, or women *as* women. A republic cannot always stand sure on the basic idea of a high civilization; in other words, on culture and purity. It is the present problem to secure these, and the woman's claim to vote will finally be adjudged, we trust, by no prejudice of sex, but by the clear showing that her vote would make or mar the social weal. The pronunciamento of the most generous man, of the most gifted woman, cannot be final.

"For the rest, we acknowledge our belief that God made both men and women, and that His loving care will conserve both the centrifugal and centripetal forces that keep them in their orbits. Man will be man, and woman will be woman, while the world is, because neither *can* pass the divine limit, and the sooner both pass the conventional limit, and become *humanity*, the better for both. We confess that we are not in the least alarmed at the muttering or the noisy approach of any Reform against Nature."

The Atlantic Monthly for August contains: "The Taillefer Bell-Ringers," by Mr. De Forest; "Great Earthquakes of the Old World;" "Zoroaster and the Zend Avesta," by James Freeman Clarke; the continuation of "The Foe in the Household;" "Among the Isles of Shoals," by Mrs. Celia Thaxter; "The Hamlets of the Stage;" part II of "Gabrielle de Bergerac;" "The Strikers of the Washington Lobby," by Mr. Parton; "Uncle Gabriel's Account of his Campaigns," and "Before the Gate"—a short poem. "Agatha" is a pleasant story in verse by George Eliot. Mr. Howells gives an account of the "Jubilee Days," and Mr. Charles Dickens contributes a paper "On Fechter's Acting," in which he warmly commends this distinguished artist who is soon to present himself to the American public.

Moncure D. Conway contributes to the August number of *Harper's Magazine* another interesting paper on "South-Coast saunterings in England." There are also two other illustrated articles—"Pictures of the Japanese," and "The New Theory of Heat"—with the usual variety of stories and a pleasant poem about the "August Days." The "Easy Chair" comments rather sarcastically on the "Peace Jubilee," says some good things about temperance, suggested by the late magazine accounts of the Retreat for Inebriates at Binghampton, pays a brief tribute to Henry J. Raymond, and discusses the question of education as related to the College of the City of New York.

An important book, entitled THE BLACK MAN; OR, HAYTIAN INDEPENDENCE, deduced from Historical Notes on Hayti, by Rev. M. B. Bird, nearly thirty years a Missionary in that country, will we understand be brought out in this city about the middle of August. The long residence of the author in Hayti, and his well-known, conscientious interest in the welfare of the colored people peculiarly qualify him for the preparation of such a work, which will doubtless command a large audience in this country and in England, where Mr. Bird originally resided, and is well and favorably known.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, have ready the first five parts of their "Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology," by Dr. J. Thomas, the learned Editor of "Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World." Such a work of reference is greatly needed, and its issue will be warmly welcomed both by scholars and by general readers.

RECEIVED.

INSTRUCTIVE COMMUNICATIONS FROM SPIRIT LIFE. Written through the mediumship of Mrs. S. E. Park. 222 pp. Boston: William White & Co.

CORD AND CREESE. By the author of "The Dodge Club." Paper. 199 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TEACHING. By Nathaniel Sands. 60 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

PARSER AND PARSING. By Francis A. March. 86 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Common Sense Thoughts on the Bible. By Prof. William Denton. Pamphlet edition. 43 pp. Boston: Published by the author.

The North British Review for July. American edition. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.

The Ladies' Repository for August. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.

The Gardener's Monthly for August. Philadelphia: Brinckloe & Marot.

Every Saturday. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

THE TEMPORARY HOME FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN at 24 Kneeland street, Boston, has now in charge two colored boys, about six years of age,—twins,—both interesting and capable; one remarkably bright and worthy of the best education. They are there waiting to be taken, or adopted by some family. No one who sees them fails to be struck with their noticeable ability. If any reader of this knows of any one wishing to adopt them, please address Mrs. Gwynn, No. 24 Kneeland street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

An article that has received the confidence of such men as Sidney E. Morse, Sr., and endorsed so strongly by him may be relied upon:

No. 9 WEST 50TH STREET, NEW YORK, July 20th, 1869.

MESSRS. I. DARBY & CO., 161 WILLIAM STREET:

GENTLEMEN:—Your Darby's Prophylactic Fluid has been used by my family for years, for burns, diseases of the throat, and as a purifier of foul air, and they cannot be content without it. I send you four dollars for a dozen bottles.

SIDNEY E. MORSE.

Special Notices.

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We have completed arrangements which enable us to offer, as an additional premium for new subscribers, a life-like, handsomely finished, medium sized photograph of JOHN G. WHITTIER. It is of the same size, and in the same finished style, as that of Mr. Phillips, and by the same artist, Mr. Augustus Marshall, 145 Tremont street, Boston. As a photographer, Mr. Marshall is equalled by few, and surpassed by none in Boston, or elsewhere. Each photograph will be accompanied by Mr. Whittier's autograph. We doubt not that many of our readers, by whom everything from Mr. Whittier's pen is fondly treasured, will be glad to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to obtain a recent and truthful likeness of him. It is the best we have ever seen of him and will, we have no doubt, give excellent satisfaction to his numerous friends.

To any one who will remit to us for two new subscribers, one year, ($6), or to any old subscriber, remitting also for one new subscriber ($6), we will send post paid a copy of the excellent photograph of Mr. Whittier.

To any one remitting for three new subscribers, ($9), or renewing, and remitting for two new subscribers ($9), we will send one copy of the photograph of John G. Whittier, and one of Wendell Phillips.

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy each of thousands.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

CLUB RATES.

We will hereafter send *The Radical* ($4.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, each one year to old, or new subscribers, the two for $5.50;—

The Woman's Advocate ($2.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $4.00;—

The Herald of Health ($2.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $3.50;—

Merry's Museum ($1.50 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $3.50.

Advertisements.

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EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1868.

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By the International Jury, PARIS, 1867.

LE CONSEILLER D'ETAT, Commissaire General, F. LE PLAY. | LE MINISTRE, Vice-Pres't de la Com. Imperiale, CH. FORKADE.

REPORT OF U. S. COMMISSIONER, T. W. EVANS, M. D., MEMBER OF THE JURY OF THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, TO THE UNITED STATES. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE. To wit:

DR. HUDSON has received from the IMPERIAL COMMISSION a BRONZE MEDAL and DIPLOMA, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE

CONFERENCE

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION

AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

"IN THE NAME OF THE CONFERENCE OF ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,

"I have the honor to inform you that a MEDA

Miscellaneous Department.

THE VANISHERS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Sweetest of all childlike dreams
In the simple Indian lore,
Still to me the legend seems,
Of the elves who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,
Never reached nor found at rest,
Baffling search, but beckoning on,
To the Sunset of the Blest.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,
Through the dark of lowland firs,
Flash the eyes and flow the locks
Of the mystic Vanishers!

And the fisher in his skiff,
And the hunter on the moss,
Hear their call from cape and cliff
See their hands the birch leaves toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green
Twilight of the clustered pines,
In their faces rarely seen,
Beauty more than mortal shines.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow
On the slopes of westering knolls:
In the wind they whisper low
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine!
Thou and I have seen them, too;
On before with beck and sign
Still they glide, and we pursue.

More than clouds of purple trail
In the gold of setting day;
More than gleams of wind or sail
Beckon from the sea-mist grey.

Glimpses of immortal youth,
Gleams and glories seen and lost,
Far-heard voices sweet with truth
As the tongues of Pentecost—

Beauty that eludes our grasp,
Sweetness that transcends our taste,
Loving hands we may not clasp,
Shining feet that mock our haste—

Guided thus, O friend of mine!
Let us walk our little way,
Knowing by each beckoning sign
That we are not quite astray.

Chase we still with baffled feet,
Smiling eye and waving hand,
Sought and seeker soon shall meet,
Lost and found, in Sunset Land!

PROGRESS OF FRUIT CULTURE —HOW MAY IT BE PROMOTED?

BY A. M. POWELL.

A Paper read before the New York Fruit Grower's Club, in Horticultural Hall, July 22d, 1869.

One who has never turned back to look over the old authorities on the subject of fruit culture will doubtless be surprised to find how ancient in origin are nearly all of our present choicest varieties of fruit, and many of our most approved methods of culture as well. The chief difference between then and now is that the knowledge requisite to successful fruit culture is more widely diffused among the people. The luxury of choice pears, grapes, peaches, strawberries and other fruits is not now so much confined to the wealthy few. There is the same difference between ancient and modern days in relation to all scientific knowledge. Education is not as much superior now as it is more general. But in popular, successful fruit culture we are still quite too backward. We have scarcely taken more than the first step in the direction of the progress which the undeveloped resources of our soil and latitude invite.

Without attempting to give technical instruction in detail, I incline to say a few words which may serve somewhat as a stimulant to a still more general cultivation and use of fruits. To-day, as in the past, the few who are possessed of abundant means will have greenhouses and highly cultivated gardens. But there is no good reason why the masses of the people should not also have a liberal supply of delicious pears, peaches, plums, apples, grapes, strawberries, blackberries, and other kinds of fruit, at less cost than they now pay for other less inviting and, in many cases, unwholesome food. It is amazing that in this day of cheap agricultural and horticultural books and journals, of Farmers' Clubs and Fruit-growers' Societies, with so many sources of information, that even in the country, among the owners and occupants of the land, good fresh fruit, as a part of the table food, is exceptional, and in very many, if not a majority of farmers' families, altogether unknown! With a little forethought, intelligent observation and common sense, any one so fortunate as to possess even a small door-yard can have at least a few good Seckel and Bartlett pears, a few vines of Concord, Delaware or Isabella grapes, some strawberries, currants and blackberries in their season. Visit the farmhouses of New York, New England and the West this third week in July, and I venture to say that instead of finding, as you should, a supply of the later strawberries and cherries, of improved raspberries and blackberries, you will see either no fruit at all on their tables, or only such as they have been able to glean, wild and uncultivated, from the vines and bushes of their fields and woods. Here in this city are thousands of people who never think of using good fruit as part of their food. They cannot, at present retail prices, afford to do so if they desired it.

It is true there is, compared with even a few years ago, a greatly awakened interest in fruit growing. The large prices obtained by some fruit-growers for superior fruit serve as a stimulant to many to plant trees and vines. But this increased planting is much of it done after the old slipshod, shiftless plan of general farming, and done in that way of course it adds little to the supply of really good fruit. Said a friend, a nurseryman, to me one day, "Why do you not cultivate trees and vines for sale, instead of pears, grapes and raspberries? You will find it quite as profitable and much less care and trouble than the marketing of the fruit." He added: "Why, I have customers among farmers in this community"—naming some of them—"who come to me regularly every spring or autumn for a fresh supply of trees or vines to replace those of the previous year's planting." "The demand," he thought, "would be likely to continue good for a long time." He would explain to the purchasers how the tree or vine should be set out and taken care of; but once planted out, probably in stinted holes, that was very often the end of the care, and presently the end of the trees and vines, and of the prospect of the farmer and his family for a supply of good fruit. No young man's or young woman's education should be considered complete who, especially living in the country, or having a village lot, has not been carefully taught how to transplant and train a tree or vine. Choice fruits will not grow hap-hazard, and can only be had anywhere by intelligent, painstaking toil.

Fruit culture in this country is to become more and more a matter of commercial interest. As in other kinds of business, many who have tried it have failed, and yet many more doubtless will fail. There is, as is frequently said here in answer to inquirers, no general rule applicable to all localities as to varieties. There is the one general rule as to careful cultivation which holds good everywhere. Experience must be the first teacher as to varieties in given places. If the experience and knowledge of honest nurserymen can be made available, very well. The supply of fruit in the market increases, but the supply of really choice fruit is never, or rarely even now, equal to the demand.

We still want not only a greater diffusion of intelligence concerning varieties of fruit and the best methods of cultivation, but also there is great need among the people of both the country and the city of education as to the use of fruit as food. All are fond of good fruit, but outside of a comparatively small number of families, as compared with the whole, fruit rarely appears on the tables as a part of the regular meal. If at all, it is generally counted as a special luxury or dessert, to be tasted merely, not fully and rationally enjoyed before a sufficient quantity of other food has already been taken. More frequently, and still more mischievously, fruit is taken "between meals," and at unseasonable and irregular intervals. During the hot months particularly, there are thousands of families in this city, as well as among farmers, wherein fruit never enters as a part of the regular diet, whose health and comfort would be greatly promoted by banishing meat, except perhaps, once a week, from their tables, and supplying instead wholesome fruits. These fruits ought to be, might be, and by-and-by will be supplied at least at no greater cost than meat. But physicians, and all who can reach the ears of the people on the subject of health, must help the formation of the habit of relying more upon fruit as part of a legitimate, nourishing diet. Meanwhile every one who causes two first-rate pears, apples, plums, peaches, strawberries, or blackberries to grow where but one poor one, or none at all, grew before, is a true public benefactor.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Rival to the "Independent."—There is some talk in newspaper circles about starting another religious weekly in opposition to the *Independent*, the utterances of which, on most religious subjects, of late, are deemed unorthodox, if not drifting directly towards positive infidelity. The estimated capital of the new concern is $250,000, and among the subscribers are said to be a dozen or more wealthy merchants—mostly of the Presbyterian and Congregational persuasions. The dry-goods interest is largely represented on the subscription list, but the iron-mongers and the wholesale grocery folk are not far behind. Who the editors are to be does not yet appear, but if the projectors are anxious to make the concern a success they had better get laymen rather than parsons to run the machine. As a general rule, parsons, as newspaper editors, are the very poorest of poor sticks.—*N. Y. cor. Phila. Rep.*

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN WITHIN.

"Around each earth-bound spirit
A world of beauty lies—
Of fragrant flowers and golden fruit
Seen by the spirit's eyes.

"And music deep and wondrous sweet
Among those flow'rets moves,
Singing the heavenly melodies
Which the watching spirit loves.

"A world of beauty wholly made
Of man's interior life,
His wholly thoughts, those 'fragrant flowers'
Which do not grow in strife.

"The 'fruit,' his deeds of love on earth,
That 'music sweet,' the breathing
Of the immortal soul to God,
And harmony receiving.

* * * * *

"O ye who tread God's beauteous earth,
And dwell before His face,
O ye are building day by day
Your own abiding place.

"Your words of love, your gentlest thoughts,
Your slightest acts are there—
And the breath of life which all must breathe
Is the answer unto prayer.

"Then fill your hearts with heavenly thoughts,
Your lives with deeds of love,
And beautiful beyond compare
They'll bloom for you above.

"Thus may ye build a world of light,
Of wondrous sights and sounds,
Where, 'mid the joys which angels know,
The peace of God abounds."

A FUNERAL DISCOURSE BY VICTOR HUGO.

The following is sent to the Philadelphia *Press*, by an American lady, resident of Dresden, Saxony. It is a funeral address by Victor Hugo, on the death of a young lady, Miss Emily de Putron:

"Within a few weeks we have been occupied with two sisters—the one we have married, and and now we are burying the other. Such is the perpetual agitation of life. Let us bow, my brethren, before inflexible destiny, and let us bow with hope. Our eyes are made to weep, but they are made to see. Our heart is made to suffer, but it is also made to believe. Faith in another existence springs from the faculty of loving. Let us not forget that in this unquiet life, which is controlled by love, it is the heart that believes. The son hopes again to find his father. The mother will not consent to lose her child forever. This revolt against annihilation is the grandeur of man. The heart can never err. The flesh is a dream which fades away. This trance, were it the end of man, would take from our existence every sanction. We can not content ourselves with this vapor which is the mere matter; we must have certainty. Whoever loves, knows and feels that the prospects of man are not on this earth? to love is to live after life. Without this faith, no deep gift of the heart were possible. To love, which is the aim of man, would be his punishment; paradise would be a hell. No; let it be declared the loving creature demands the immortal creature. The heart must have a sun. There is a heart in this coffin, and that heart lives. At this very moment it listens to my words. Emily de Putron was the gentle pride of a respectable family. Her friends and neighbors found enchantment in her graces and pleasure in her smile. She was like a full-blown flower of joy in the house. She is gone. Whither is she gone? into darkness? No! It is we who are in the darkness; she is in the dawning light. She is in the light, in the truth, in the reality, the recompense. These early dead, who have done no ill, are the blessed of the grave, and their heads raise gently from the tomb towards a mysterious crown. Emily de Putron has gone to seek on high everlasting sincerity—the compliment of an innocent existence. Youth has gone to eternity, beauty towards the ideal, the pearl towards the ocean, a spirit towards its God. The soul, the marvel of the great celestial departure which we call death, is here—those who thus depart still remain near us. They are in a world of light, but as tender witnesses hover about our world of darkness.

They are over us and near us. Oh! whoever it may be who have seen such a beloved being sinking into the tomb, do not think it has left you. The beauty of death is its presence. Inexpressible presence of a soul which smiles upon our tearful eyes. The being that we mourn has disappeared, but has not departed. We no longer see its gentle face, but we feel that wave beneath its wings. The dead are invisible but they are not absent. Let us be just to death. It is not, as has been said, a ruin and a snare. It is an error to think that here in the darkness of the open grave, all is lost to us. There everything is found again. The grave is a place of restitution; there the soul resumes the infinite, there it recovers its plentitude. There it re-enters on its possession of all its mysterious nature; it is set free from the body, from want, from its burthen, from fatality. Death is the greatest of liberties; it is also the farthest progress. Death is a higher step for all who have lived upon its hight. Dazzling and holy, every one receives his increase, everything is transfigured in the light and by the light. He who has been no more than virtuous on earth becomes beauteous; he who has only been beauteous becomes sublime; and he who has only been sublime becomes good. And now I, who am speaking, why am I here? What brings me to this grave, and by what right do I address the dead? and who am I? Nothing. But I am wrong; I am something. I am a postscript. Yesterday exiled by violence, to-day a voluntary exile. A postscript is a vanquished, a calumniated, a persecuted man, a man wounded by fate. A postscript is an innocent man, weighed down by malediction. His blessing ought to have virtue in it. I bless this grave. I bless the noble, gracious being that lies there. In the desert we find the oasis; in exile we meet with souls. Emily de Putron has been one of the lovely we have met. I come to pay her the debt owed by a postscript whom she has consoled. I bless her in the dark profound. In the name of the sorrow whereon she gently beamed; in the name of the trials of destiny, which for her are ended, but which continue for us; in the name of terrestial things, which once she hoped for, and of celestial things, which she now obtains; in the name of all she loved, I bless this lifeless being; I bless her in her beauty, in her youth, in her innocence, in her life, and in her death. I bless her in her white sepulchral robes; in her home, which she has left desolate; in her coffin, which her mother has filled with flowers and which God is about to fill with stars.

A Woman Horticulturist.—The Hartford *Times* prints the following, showing how one woman got some land and cultivates it without asking help of the legislature or any one else: "We have received some excellent specimens of cherries, currants, raspberries, and strawberries, from Miss Laura A. White of Webster street, in this city. This lady earned the money, by day's labor, to purchase half an acre of land, and on this she is cultivating a remarkable amount of fruit. On this thrifty spot she has 20 apple trees, 16 cherry trees, 11 pear trees, over 100 grape vines, quinces, etc., besides all the varieties of berries. Miss White does all the work with her own hands, and we presume there is not another lady in the country who equals her industry and success, in horticultural pursuits. In a note accompanying the fruit, Miss White says: 'In this little horticultural field I have learned the grand teaching of divine truth, and enjoyed exquisite pleasure among my beautiful trees clustering with rich fruit above my head. The fruit and flowers, like angel voices, have cheered me on; and in their presence I have cultivated a love for the beautiful in all things, and have been happier in loftier and holier thoughts, with clearer views of the brighter world above. I recommend to all ladies that they give time and attention to horticulture, as it improves both mind and body.'"

An Aimless Life.—"I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I abided it. I started in life without an object, even without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. I said to myself, 'I have all that I see others contending for: why should I struggle?' I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite pursuit—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political, no matter what, so there was something to labor for and to overcome—I might have been happy. I feel this now—too late! The power is gone. Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by, I seek vainly for something to remember with pride or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel, sometimes, as if there was nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man."—"*Beyond the Breakers*," *by Robt. Dale Owen.*

LITTLE FEET AND LITTLE HANDS.

BY GLENN HERBERT.

Little feet and little hands,
Busy all the day,
Never staying in your playing
Long upon the way,
Little knowing whither going,
Come to me, I pray!
Bring the sweetness, in its fleetness,
Of the early flowers,
All the blessings and caressings
Of your sunny hours.

Little feet and little hands,
What awaits for you?
Sad to-morrows with their sorrows?
Clouds, or skies of blue?
Will the pleasures come, with treasures
Ever glad and new?
Never tarry feet that carry
Little ones along,
May they bear the darlings where the
Air is full of song!

Little feet and little hands!
Ye are wondrous fair!
Ye are straying in your playing
From a balmy air,
Gently blowing, never knowing
Any thought of care.
To its breezes, if it pleases
Him who guides our way,
May you wander, over yonder
Where they ever play,
And no smiling or beguiling
Woo again to stray.

Sociability.—Hawthorne, in his diary, makes record of a day wherein he resolved to speak to no human soul. He went to the village, got his mail at the post-office, returned, and triumphantly records the fact that he spoke to no man. Is it any wonder that, with all his genius, Hawthorne was a melancholy and essentially an unhappy man? How much wiser and better the opposite course. Think of how much happiness you convey to others by kindly notice and a cheerful conversation. Think how much sunshine such sociability lets back into your own soul! Who does not feel more cheerful and contented for receiving a polite bow, a genial "good morning," a hearty shake of the hand? Who does not make himself the happier by these little expressions of fellow feeling and good will? Silence and a stiff, unbending reserve are especially selfish and essentially vulgar. The generous and polite man has a pleasant recognition and cheerful word for all he meets. He scatters sunbeams wherever he goes. He paves the path of others with smiles. He makes society seem genial and the world delightful to those who else would find them cold, selfish and forlorn. And what he gives is but a tithe of what he receives. Be sociable, then, wherever you go, and wrap your lightest words in tones that are sweet and a spirit that is genial.

Near Cairo, Egypt, there is a large tree, under which, according to tradition, Joseph and Mary and the infant Jesus took shelter during their flight into Egypt. The tree, which stands on ground belonging to the Isthmus of Suez Canal Company, was marked to be cut down, but the Empress Engenie has purchased it standing, and now pays a keeper to watch it.

DARK HOURS.

"O, my tired soul, be patient! Roughest finds
Fold over sweetest fruitage; heaviest clouds
Rain the most ample harvest on the fields;
The grass grows greenest where the wintry snows
Have fallen deepest, and the fairest flowers
Spring from old dead decay. The darkest mine
Yields the most flashing jewels from its cell,
And stars are born of darkness, day of night.
O, my tired soul, be patient!—Yet, for thee
Goes on the secret alchemy of life;
God, the One Giver, grants no boon to earth
That he withholds from thee; and from the dark
Of thy deep sorrow shall evolve new light,
New strength to do and suffer, new resolves,
Perchance new gladness, and fresh hopes!
O, there are times when I can no more weep
That I have suffered, for I know great strength
Is born of suffering; and I trust that still,
Wrapt in the dry husk of my outer life,
Lie warmer seeds than ever yet have burst
From its dull covering; stronger purposes
Stir consciously within, and make me great
With a new life—a life akin to God's—
Which I must nurture for the holy skies.
Help me! thou great All-Patient! for the flesh
Will sometimes falter, and the spirit fail;
Add to my human thy Divinest strength,
When next I waver; rouse my faith as now,
That out of darkness I may see great light,
And follow where it ever leads—to Thee!"

Anon.

ENGLISH CRITICISM ON CORNELL.

From Pitman's *Coöperator* (printed in Manchester), we take a criticism on Cornell's University, made from the standpoint of the English workingmen:

Professor Ion Perdicaris read a paper on "Self-supporting Educational Establishments." The Lemonnier schools in Paris, and the Cornell University in the State of New York, were described, with the view of showing that something had already been done in the way of forming self-supporting schools of a superior and unsectarian character. Professor Perdicaris stated that the Lemonnier schools were formed by a society of ladies, to give women a thorough education, with the view of enabling them to support themselves by various industrial and professional occupations. He then went on to say, that the fact of Professor Goldwin Smith having accepted the chair of English Constitutional History in Cornell University, made its name familiar to Englishmen. He next sketched the history of the foundation of the university by Ezra Cornell, and the grant to it by the State of New York of 990,000 acres of land; and pointed out that in the university no distinction of creed was recognised, and that no professor or student could be accepted or rejected on account of any religious or political opinions. To break down the bulwarks of caste, a university uniform is provided, to prevent the contrast between the fine apparel of the rich, and the plain clothing of the poor. He doubted whether the Cornell experiment could, under existing conditions, be tried as fairly and fully as was pledged. It was impossible to avoid the conviction that the manual labor scheme was likely to suffer by its not being made an imperative feature from which no student was exempt,—or at least a distinct department. It was said that many of the poorer students, who flocked to the university under the impression that they could support themselves, had been obliged to withdraw because they were unable to keep up with their classes. The last official report stated that voluntary labor corps had been organised, and over sixty students had enrolled themselves for various kinds of labor. It was also stated—and the sentence was very suspicious—"that no young man should come to the university entirely without resources." At present, the guarded expressions of the board were not such as to give the impression that the experiment of manual labor in exchange for education and maintenance, would be fairly tested. It seemed that the authorities valued more highly mere literary prestige, than the solution of the important social problem which they had led the public to understand would be the characteristic feature of the institution. According to the strict terms of the Charter, which bore the words "any person," women were not excluded from the establishment; but it was generally understood that every member of the faculty would, without exception, resign, were this literal construction to be acted upon. What a rebuke to the attitude of the Cornell professors was the victory patiently and quietly won by the schools organized by Madame Lemonnier in Paris, where female students had accomplished all that they proposed to do, but which the youths of Ithaca had thus far failed to achieve! Were the Cornell University less ambitious, and were its rulers, instead of attempting to rival the older seats of learning in the Eastern States, content to devote their ample resources and magnificent endowments to practically inculcating the principles of Coöperation, and preparing the way for the rapid regeneration of society, by sending forth, year after year, bands of educated workmen, whose enlightened minds and well skilled hands acting in concert, would give dignity to labor—bands of workmen who would form the nucleus of Coöperative Industrial Colonies, and occupy the lands which only waited to repay willing toil with bounteous harvests;—the rank of the Cornell University might, it was true, be lower amongst other universities, but it would stand unrivalled amongst the instruments Heaven had ordained to liberate the struggling masses from the curse of poverty and ignorance.

Love, let's be thankful we are past the time
When griefs are comfortless; and, though we mourn,
Feel in our sorrow something now sublime,
And in each tear the sweetness of a kiss.
Weep on and smile, then: for we know, in this
Our immortality,—that nothing dies
Within our hearts, but something new is born;
And what is roughly taken from our eyes
Gently comes back in visions of the morn,
When *dreams* are *truest*. Oh, but death is bliss!
I feel as certain, looking on the face
Of a dead sister, smiling from her shroud,
That our sweet angel hath but changed her place,
And passed to peace, as when, amid the crowd
Of the mad city, I feel sure of rest
Beyond the hills, . . . A few hours further west."

T. W. Parsons.

Origin of the Pew System.—One hundred and seventy years ago an elegant church at Atherstone, England, was, as all houses of worship had been, entirely open and available to all worshippers, but it entered the mind of an elderly lady that she would prefer to know where to sit. It was unpleasant to think that anybody should be placed beside her. She accordingly begged to be allowed to put up a piece of boarding to screen herself off from the rest of the world. No sooner did this appear, than another wanted a partition to enable her to enjoy as her own, some particular spot. Then an old gentleman thought he would like to have some accommodation reserved for him. This closing in of the church for private purposes gave its interior such an irregular and pathy appearance, that it was presently resolved to pew the whole building; which was accordingly defrayed by a family well known in the neighborhood. And so this pew system has grown and grown on, until it has become ingrained in English Church life.

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